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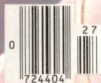
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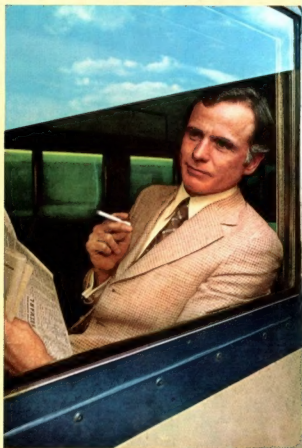
THEODORE H. WHITE
MacArthur to
Camelot

Mister Hollywood

Warren Beatty



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A Letter from the Publisher

For more than four decades he has been one of the foremost journalists in the world. In China during World War II and the Communist upheaval of the 1940s, he survived an early baptism of fire as a combat correspondent. In the U.S. he covered six presidential elections and fashioned his impressions into the extraordinary *The Making of the President* series. But two years ago, at 61, Theodore H. White had nagging doubts about his work. He felt he should have grappled with the deeper meanings of all he had seen and reported, the groundswells of history that changed the world during his lifetime. The result is a radical departure from his previous efforts. This week we take special pleasure in presenting excerpts from Teddy White's new book, *In Search of History: A Personal Adventure*. In it, the furious energy and unquenchable curiosity that made White a journalist remain undiminished. He knew many of the great figures of our time, often intimately, and he writes about them with passion.

White began working for TIME in 1939 at the age of 24 when a man named John Hersey, a promising writer for the magazine, signed him up as a China stringer. The new reporter soon discovered that he had an unexpected fan. Henry

R. Luce, TIME co-founder, had been born in China and took a special interest in the young journalist's stories. Eventually, in 1945, the two men broke over the issue of China. Luce continued to believe that Chiang Kai-shek was a great man and the right leader for his country, while White became increasingly critical of the Nationalist regime and convinced that the Communists were bound to win. White did not re-

establish his relationship with Luce until 1957. Says White: "No man of my life ever gave me more trouble than Harry Luce did. No correspondent ever gave him more trouble than I did. But after that stormy time, we ended as close and intimate friends."

Last week White was back in the Time-Life Building in New York City, working with Senior Editor Ron Kriss who did the excerpting. Said White: "For me this is like a homecoming, kind of sweet, kind of nostalgic. It's nice being back in Harry Luce's house." And it is nice to have him.

For White's readers who may be wondering, the old legman who writes about politics with the sensitivity of a novelist will soon hit the campaign trail once more, this time to begin gathering notes for *The Making of the President, 1980*.

Jack Meyers



White today and with General Chennault in 1943

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Cover: Photograph by Hiro.



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Cover: Warren Beatty's career just keeps zooming higher and higher, and he reveals in life at the top. With his new hit, a screwball fantasy called *Heaven Can Wait*, Beatty becomes a serious film maker as well. See CINEMA.



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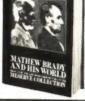
the great events, the great men and women of the period, spring to life...The biography of the ebullient Brady is first-rate."—*N.Y. Times Book Review*



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HEW, a Monster?

To the Editors:

After reading your story on Joseph Califano and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare [June 12], I am convinced that this country needs another round of Mr. Califano about as much as Miami Beach needs snow.

We are still paying for the Great Society programs of the '60s in our current economic miseries, and if he is around to continue in public life we might as well write off the '80s right now.

Lawrence U. Luchini
Bay Village, Ohio



The urban riots of the '60s were a reaction to gross economic and social inequities. The feds wisely, albeit inefficiently, undertook the task of trying to correct that situation through massive social programming. The job has only just begun. Any significant retrenchment that encourages economic and social disparities will only have us back on the streets.

Patrick J. McGory
Columbus

I do not think Mr. Califano and his liberal friends realize, in their zeal to give money away, what a nightmare they are creating. They may eventually succeed in killing the goose that lays their golden eggs. The working, contributing people of this country cannot pay enough taxes to keep up with all of Califano's schemes for throwing money around.

G.L. Thurston
Coalinga, Calif.

Califano is injurious to my health and my pocketbook. Let's get back to basics—cut the waste.

Morris D. Blumenthal
Birmingham

As the first person in my family to attend college, I am very thankful for the loan the Government has awarded me. I would gladly pay it back at twice the in-

Letters

terest rate for being given the privilege of attending college.

Veronica Jordan
Berkeley, Calif.

Beware, Califano. Jarvis is coming!

Richard A. Hartmann
Berkeley, Calif.

What Money Buys

In your article "Mobile Society Puts Down Roots" [June 12] you state that "American executives are becoming increasingly interested in things money cannot buy, notably a stable home life, a safe environment, a wholesome community, sun, fun, culture." If these things don't cost money, why do so many of their wives have jobs?

Kay Grizzard
San Antonio

As veterans of 20 corporate moves between us, we are disturbed by your article, which suggests that younger managers will not relocate in order to gain promotions. Those of us who have adapted ourselves and our families to this mobile life-style consider ourselves to be latter-day pioneers.

The strength of the free enterprise system depends upon the availability of people who are willing to accept challenges and responsibilities—the movers and shakers of a complacent society.

Barbara Friedrich, Sally Hultstrand,
Co-Authors,
Did Somebody Pack the Baby?
St. Louis

Global Plan

TIME is to be congratulated for its analysis of the global economic situation in its Essay "The Case for a Global Marshall Plan" [June 12].

On April 26, I introduced a resolution calling for the creation of a capital pool for purposes similar to those outlined in your Essay. I believe firmly that the expansion of markets in the developing countries will lead to higher levels of employment and domestic activity in the industrialized countries.

Jacob K. Javits
U.S. Senator, New York
Washington, D.C.

The Cyprus Pressure

The only way for the U.S. to insist on justice for Cyprus [June 12] is to continue to increase the pressure on Turkey, till she recognizes the right of the 200,000 Greek Cypriot refugees to return to their homes in the north.

Constantine Georgiadis
Hamilton, Ont.

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Letters

of the present arms embargo against such a faithful friend and ally is an act which will shake the confidence of all the friends of the U.S. By lifting the embargo on arms for Turkey, Congress will help restore Greece's security as well as that of the U.S. and Turkey.

I applaud President Carter's display of fairness on the Cyprus issue.

Ansel C. Ugural
Teaneck, N.J.

Cuban Stabilizers?

Your article "Here Come the Foreign Tourists" (June 5) described my wife, three children and me. We came (for three weeks around Easter), saw (as much as we could: 3,500 miles by car) and enjoyed it (enormously), but for two things. How can efficiency-minded people like the Americans accept such antiquated and cumbersome practices as 1) local sales taxes added to the price of goods and services instead of being included in them and 2) tips in restaurants paid separately instead of being included in the bill.

Bernhard Wagner
Hamburg, West Germany

Two American Nuisances

Your article "Here Come the Foreign Tourists" (June 5) described my wife, three children and me. We came (for three weeks around Easter), saw (as much as we could: 3,500 miles by car) and enjoyed it (enormously), but for two things. How can efficiency-minded people like the Americans accept such antiquated and cumbersome practices as 1) local sales taxes added to the price of goods and services instead of being included in them and 2) tips in restaurants paid separately instead of being included in the bill.

If foreign tourists could contribute to the abolition of these two nuisances, it would certainly ease not only their stay in America, but also the life of the U.S. citizens in general.

Georges André Cuendet
Geneva

Hooray for Higher Prices!

Hooray for higher food prices (June 12)! The American farm worker and farmer have subsidized the American dinner table long enough. Other nations have historically paid a higher percentage of their income for food. There will be the usual soft-palmed protesters, but remember that generally the farmer and farm worker pull their weight on this planet.

Marion Juricic Bowers
Saint Helena, Calif.

It should be remembered that even though the oil, gas, auto and steel industries stress their importance to the economy, ask the average family to go without a few meals and see which industry is truly the only essential industry.

Jeffrey B. Stone
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

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IBM Reports

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Sure, the causes of inflation are many and complex. Sure, there's no easy solution to the inflationary spiral...but it's clear information technology can help.

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In full dress for dinner, returned Viet Nam prisoners of war join their wives at a buffet in the ballroom of the Marriott Hotel

American Scene

In Los Angeles: Prisoners of War—and Peace

Overhead, huge glass chandeliers hover like Cobra gunships in a white tropical sun. The Los Angeles Marriott Hotel ballroom is a sea of white military formal wear, pink and blue evening dresses, candles and carnations over red carpeting. Nelson Riddle's orchestra swings into *What Kind of Fool Am I?* as Sammy Davis Jr. hails "our mutual friend" Richard Nixon, then reflects on the song: "I don't think anyone in this room has to re-examine their lives."

This is the fifth-year reunion of U.S. prisoners of war returned from Viet Nam. The guests and their wives have flown into Los Angeles on "space available" air flights and are camped gratis in 300 Marriott Hotel rooms for a weekend of caucusing and quiet carousal. Asked again and again by reporters and well-wishers, the P.O.W.s insist that they are here only for fun, not politics. Yes, we're doing just fine, most of them say. "We're all back in the mainstream," silver-haired Navy Captain Howard Rutledge beams. "We've been to the worst place in the world. Every place else is a step up."

You only sense the pain and isolation of the men in defiant yet oddly downcast expressions, in hushed stories told in hotel rooms, in wistful asides about other men's wives who remained faithful. Yet through the weekend, anger and a tinge of self-pity take nothing away from their evident pride and courage.

"This hand," bespectacled George Day, 53, is saying Saturday morning as he gestures at a half-closed fist, the right one, attached to a misshapen forearm. Day, now a wealthy Florida lawyer, was an Air Force major, a downed Phantom pilot. In 1967 a crowd of Vietnamese villagers watched as a rope was tied around his elbows and tightened with a foot jammed into his back. A ferret-faced man the

P.O.W.s nicknamed "the Rodent," seized Day's right arm and twisted until the cracked bones broke through the flesh. The bone, gaping from Day's arm like a jagged tooth, remained untreated for four months—until Day's half-dead cellmate, Navy Lieut. Commander John McCain, another torture victim, regained consciousness sufficiently to fashion, out of his own bandages and a stray bamboo stick, a cast for Day.

"You can see what a lousy job I did," grins McCain, a sassy, prematurely white-haired Navy career man sitting on a soft couch in the glittering Middle American chic of the Marriott's split-level lobby. McCain spent 42 months in solitary confinement, partly because his father, Admiral John McCain, happened to be Navy Commander in Chief for the Pacific. "Until the day I went down, I lived under my father's shadow," McCain explains. "Incarceration relieved me of that burden—he couldn't affect my future there."

Viet Nam's P.O.W.s have survived better as official patriots and readjusted to civilian life more successfully than some of their Korean War predecessors, perhaps because most of them, before the fall, were trained pilots and college-educated military career men. Most agree that their time of torture and isolation taught them much about self-reliance and the importance of thinking small. Navy Lieut. (j.g.) Joe Mobley, 36, a thin, balding man who greeted his friends on the first morning of the reunion wearing reverse-heel Earth Shoes and dungarees, still acutely remembers what seem like almost microscopic moments of prisoner austerity. "Your senses become keener," he explains. "You can feel the effect of an aspirin. You can smell a bar of Dial soap at 400 yards."

Laird Guttersen, 52, an ebullient, big-

boned retired Air Force colonel, remembers the day he "broke" as if it were yesterday. He had already watched his hands turn black "like German sausage" from tourniquet-tight binding; then ropes around his elbows were tightened until his shoulder blades slowly jammed into his spine. "At that moment," he remembers, "I would have thrown my kids into a fire to make it stop." Guttersen was on his knees and felt "psychically dirty, like I'd been swimming in a cesspool" and feared he might give up secrets about clandestine intelligence operations. He decided to try to kill himself by running headfirst at the blood-spattered torture room wall. Then a guard hit him and sent him flying at the wall, where he saw KEEP THE FAITH, BABY scratched in the mud and blood. Soon after that, his captors began demanding antiwar statements rather than military secrets.

Inevitably such experiences must come home. Laird Guttersen's blood pressure was so low after three months of torture, complicated by pneumonia, that parts of him lost all feeling when he remained still more than ten minutes. At night, instead of sleeping he used to lie in a feverish trance, shifting to stay alive, timing himself by the half-hour chimes of a distant clock. "When Laird came home we couldn't sleep in the same bed at first," remembers his wife Virginia, a frail, dark-blue-eyed wife who waited. "He shifted a quarter turn every five to ten minutes."

Andrea Rander's husband Donald, then an Army sergeant first class, was captured in Hue during Tet 1968 and taken to Hanoi. She raised their children alone for five years. A few weeks before he returned, a reporter interviewed her at home in Maryland. The reporter left uneventfully, then the telephone rang. "I for-

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got one question," she remembers him saying. "Do you have any boyfriends, and are you planning to divorce your husband?" Andrea Rander is a petite black woman. Standing beside her husband at a reception sponsored by Braniff Airlines, she glares angrily at me, yet another reporter. "I wanted to see that reporter many times after that," she explodes. "I wanted to say, 'Hey, look at us—we're making it!'" Rander watches proudly and adds: "We said, we're *not* going to become a statistic."

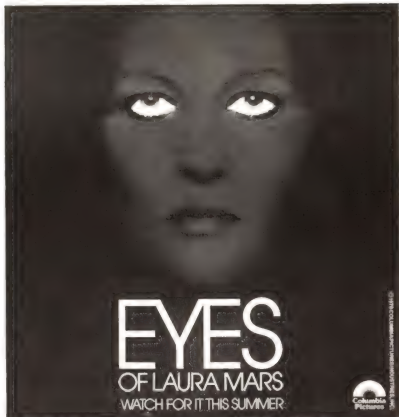
A majority of the P.O.W.s, perhaps as high as 70%, in fact, did become divorce statistics. Virginia Guttersen remembers one wife who rushed out on the tarmac to embrace her husband and found she didn't recognize him at all. A fortyish woman, the new wife of a P.O.W., confides: "There are definitely two factions here, the old and the new. You can tell the new wives: young and pretty and happy and in love."

The P.O.W.s report that dealing with civilians is still a touchy business. They either gush and coo or start asking questions the P.O.W.s don't want to answer. Or are abysmally, often hilariously ignorant. Guttersen, who has now retired and is taking courses at the University of Arizona, found his young fellow students interested. "We heard you were a P.O.W.," a girl once said to him. Guttersen said yes. "Where?" asked the girl. "In Hanoi," said Guttersen. "Is that in Korea?" the girl asked.

It is a difficult thing to contemplate the likelihood that one spent five years being tortured for nothing. As they cluster together around the Marriott's eight bars and omelet-shaped pool, the P.O.W.s seem compelled to approve of the life they found at home. Nearly all of them are confused, embarrassed or annoyed by their strange hero status. Says John McCain: "It doesn't take a helluva lot of talent to get shot down." Virginia Guttersen explains: "To a military man, the P.O.W. is a loser, the guy who didn't complete his mission. The Government made them heroes. It was all they had."

Sunday night: 300 "heroes" and their wives, old and new, are winding down the weekend. They have stood and cheered as Ronald Reagan declared that Americans should "never again" go to war "unless we intend to win." Magicians and stand-up comics have sought to amuse. A press release has been circulated announcing that California Governor Jerry Brown will get the "Benedict Arnold Citizenship Award" for appointing ex-antiwar activist Tom Hayden to the state's new solar energy panel. And now Tony Bennett is closing the show with a sad, silky version of *Autumn Leaves*. Off to the side, watching them, one begins to sense in some measure what they have endured, and still endure. They perfectly illustrate some lines from John Le Carré's *The Looking Glass War*: "Nothing ever bridged the gulf between the man who won and the man who stayed behind."

—James Willwerth



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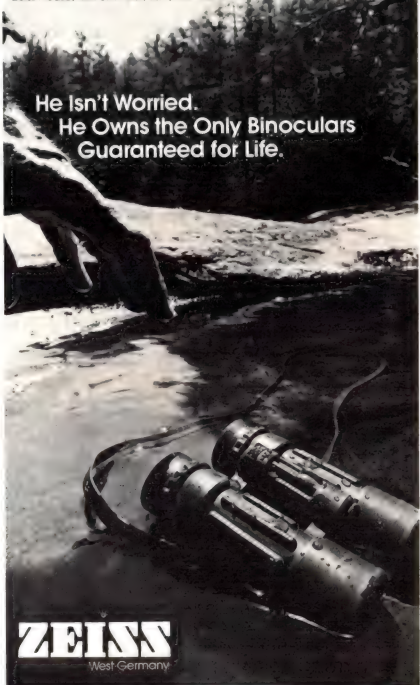
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THE INFORMATION CRISIS.

If you pick up a newspaper these days, it's easy to walk away with the impression that there's a world-wide shortage of everything.

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Soft Words—and a Big Stick

Vance lowers the U.S. voice, but Brown displays the muscle

Shades of T.R.! After weeks of tough talk, apparent inconsistency, and alarms about a revival of the cold war, the Administration last week seemed to have got its foreign policy act together. The policy, to put it in the simplest terms, speak a little more softly, but carry a big stick.

The soft talk came chiefly from Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who seemed to be making speeches and appearances everywhere as the Administration pointedly thrust him forward as President Carter's chief foreign policy spokesman. Less there be any confusion, National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, the toughest talker of recent weeks, was keeping unusually quiet, turning down all requests for on-the-record interviews.

As for the big stick, it was carried by Defense Secretary Harold Brown—and quite a stick it was, an 18-ft. cruise missile that is capable, in Brown's words, of splitting the center line of a runway 800 miles from its launch site. Brown flew out to New Mexico's Tularosa Basin for a highly publicized demonstration of the U.S. Navy's sleek Tomahawk cruise missile. As big jack rabbits nibbled unconcernedly at the sagebrush in the blazing morning sun, a camouflage-painted, torpedo-shaped object whistled barely 100 ft. above the White Sands Missile Range at 500 m.p.h., headed dead on target. Brown listened to the whine of its turbofan for a few seconds, then put down his binoculars and turned to reporters near him, the first press group to witness the highly advanced missile. "I believe that it is important that the American public correctly perceive that the U.S. is not inferior to any country in military capability," said the Secretary. "It is important to get that message across." To the Soviets as well? "They are aware of it," said he. "I think perhaps they need to be reminded."

Brown's visit to White Sands and his major speech later in the week in San Francisco were not acts of saber rattling. His performance was part of the most carefully coordinated Administration attempt so far to articulate its defense strategy and its foreign policy goals. The Administration did seem, at least for now, to have harmonized its dissonant voices. The theme was clear: America is second to none in strength, but is nevertheless committed to long-term cooperation with the Soviets wherever possible.

The need for clarification had become



A shirtsleeved President shakes hands with a G.I. during Fort Hood visit

The most carefully coordinated attempt so far to articulate defense strategy.

palpable as observers in Washington and Moscow puzzled over which voice was articulating U.S. foreign policy. Was it the tough, "chilly war" growl of Brzezinski? Or the milder, more conciliatory tone of Vance? Or the mixed signal that Carter seemed to be transmitting?

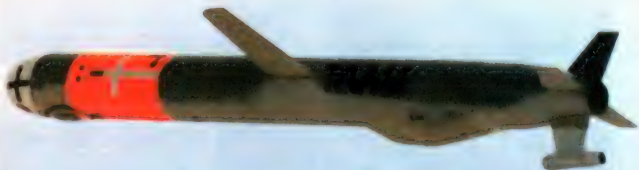
Brzezinski had set off the speculation late in May with a blistering attack on the Soviets. He accused them of behavior that was not "compatible with what was once called the code of détente." Moscow, charged Brzezinski, had maintained "a vitriolic worldwide propaganda campaign against the U.S." and tried to "encircle and penetrate the Middle East." Said the President's National Security Adviser: "I do not believe that sticking one's head into the sand is the best solution to difficult problems in the world."

The biting comment may well have been aimed at U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young, who at one point dismissed the Cuban presence in Africa as "a stabilizing influence." Yet by implication, Brzezinski's harsh words could also have been aimed indirectly at Vance, whose expressions of Administration concern over Soviet and Cuban activity in Africa had been phrased with an almost Victorian gentility.

The striking difference between the Vance and Brzezinski approaches baffled observers both inside and outside Washington. Was this the result of genuine confusion and disorganization? Or was it a

cunningly devised plan to keep Moscow—and domestic political critics—off balance? According to this theory, "bad cop" Brzezinski would be unleashed when the Soviets needed slapping down or conservatives in the U.S. needed placating; "good cop" Vance would speak out to keep détente alive and mollify anxious American liberals. Yet Carter himself, many noted, was not always a consistent referee of such "shuttlecock" diplomacy. The President left many wondering, even after his Annapolis speech on June 7, which "cop" he was speaking for. At Annapolis, he denounced the Soviets for their aggressive actions abroad and their abuse of human rights at home, yet he reaffirmed that détente was "central to world peace." The Soviets found Carter's words "strange," but so did quite a few American Members of the House International Relations Committee had already complained of "confusion and doubt" in American foreign policy. "Who," Committee Member Dante Fascell demanded, "has got the President's right ear?" Both Vance and Carter tried to answer that question quite simply last week: Vance.

In two hours of thoughtful, carefully prepared public testimony on American foreign policy before the House committee, Vance stressed to the Representatives that he was speaking "for the President." The White House also let it be known that Vance's ten-page prepared statement had not only been cleared by Carter but also had been read by Brzezinski.



Brown at White Sands. Above: Tomahawk in a test flight
An important message, and a reminder to the Soviets

The Secretary ranged over U.S.-Soviet relations, NATO, detente, and Cuban troops in Africa, at no point backtracking on the harsh Moscow-aimed comments of Carter at Annapolis, but sometimes rephrasing them. For example, where Carter had bluntly offered the Soviets a choice of "confrontation or cooperation," Vance smoothly asserted that both sides would be "making choices between an emphasis on the divergent elements of our relationship and an emphasis on the cooperative ones." He referred to the tough Soviet reply in *Pravda* to Carter's Annapolis speech. Growled *Pravda*, "There is no end to attempts at interfering in our country's internal affairs. The ties and contacts between the two countries are being restricted by unilateral U.S. actions." Vance commented noncommittally, "We are studying [it] with careful attention." But he added that it would be best if the U.S. and the Soviets would jointly "concentrate on the concrete actions we both can take to reduce tensions and to reach agreement on the critical issues now under negotiation."

Vance's presentation did not satisfy everyone on the House committee that the Administration's diplomacy was on track, but it did impress upon them Vance's quiet re-emergence as the man Carter wants to be out front as articulator of American foreign policy. The impression was heightened the following day when Vance, at Carter's request, presented a major formulation of America's Af-

rican policy at the 58th annual meeting of the Jaycees in Atlantic City, N.J.

The normally boisterous Jaycees listened attentively as Vance stressed that Washington would not "mirror Soviet and Cuban activities in Africa." Such a course, warned Vance, "would only escalate military conflict with great human suffering." The Secretary listed a series of "positive" U.S. responses to the Soviet and Cuban presence. Among them: commitment to social justice and economic development, respect for African nationalism, and the fostering of human rights. That evening, as 80 Representatives and Senators gathered for an off-the-record briefing by President Carter, Vance's star seemed to ascend even higher. Though both Brown and Brzezinski were also on hand, many observers reported that Carter seemed to be making a deliberate effort to ensure that the limelight stayed steadily on the Secretary of State.

In his various formulations of U.S. foreign policy, Vance barely mentioned an issue that only two weeks ago was threatening to create an irreparable rift between Carter and Cuba's Fidel Castro. The issue was whether Cuba could have acted to halt the Katangese rebel invasion of Zaire's Shaba region. In his congressional appearance, Vance blamed the press for "overblown" concern with the issue—even though it was the Administration, and especially Carter, that had done most to fan interest and alarm over Cuba's role.

When he delivered his policy address to the Jaycees, Vance did not even mention the subject. Instead, he proposed increasing U.S. "consultations" with Agostinho Neto's Marxist Angolan government, and spoke of "working with it in more normal ways." (Only two months ago, CIA Chief Stansfield Turner was talking about the possibility of arming anti-Marxist rebels to challenge the Neto regime.) According to Vance, such cooperation might even lead to a "reconciliation" between Zaire and Angola, both of whose regimes have supported insurgent movements on the other's territory. And the Secretary moved almost as fast as he spoke. Within 24 hours, U.S. Diplomat Donald F. McHenry was en route to Luanda to search for a new *modus vivendi* with Neto.

Indeed, it was not Cuba that was continuing to worry the Administration last week but the Soviet Union. The *Pravda*

Nation



Secretary of State Cyrus Vance speaking to Jaycees in Atlantic City

Re-emerging as the man Carter wants to be out front formulating foreign policy.

commentary to which Vance had referred warned that the "present course" of U.S. foreign policy "is fraught with serious dangers." The article attacked Brzezinski by name, claimed that bilateral Soviet-U.S. negotiations were being "deliberately slowed down" by Washington and warned that U.S. support for human rights in the Soviet Union was "particularly disastrous for mutual confidence." Even as State Department officials were weighing *Pravda's* words, the Russians displayed a degree of disdain for international opinion unusual even for them, by sentencing Jewish dissident Vladimir Slepak, 50, to five years' internal exile for "malicious hooliganism." Slepak's offense: he and his wife had unfurled a banner saying LET US GO TO OUR SON IN ISRAEL on the balcony of their apartment as part of their campaign to win permission to emigrate. Another Jewish dissident, Ida Nudel, 47, was sentenced to a four-year exile for a similar demonstration the same day.

The blatant violations of human rights hardly helped the cause of "cooperation" between Washington and Moscow, particularly since Carter had singled out Slepak by name as a cause for personal concern during his 1976 election campaign. What is more, when Carter spoke last week to a Washington gathering of 26 foreign ministers from the Organization of American States, the issue of human rights took up one-fourth of his 20-minute address. Though Carter was obviously referring

to violations in Latin America, his warning that "there are costs to the flagrant disregard of international standards" was presumably meant to be heard in Moscow as well.

So was the Secretary of Defense's re-statement of the U.S. military posture before the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco. Brown seemed determined to convince his audience—both in the U.S. and in Moscow—that the U.S. was still superior to the Soviets militarily, without appearing to sound bellicose and threaten-

ing. "There is no doubt in my mind," he said, "that the U.S. is the most powerful country in the world." He admitted "concern" about "vulnerabilities" in NATO, but said he felt the U.S. could "outthink, out-design and outperform the Soviets with the resources we have and the steady increases we are requesting."

Brown stressed that the U.S. has a strong second-strike capability in the event of a Soviet attack and, intriguingly, a strong ability to survive such an attack in the first place. Earlier in the week, Carter appeared to reverse a decade-old U.S. nuclear policy by placing new emphasis on civil defense, which has been thoroughly neglected since the bomb-shelter days of the 1960s. The President ordered all civil defense preparations brought under a new government body, the Federal Emergency Management Agency. The move would upgrade preparedness to protect the civilian population in a nuclear attack; the Soviets have given high priority to civil defense for quite a while.

Brown, however, emphasized the need for a new SALT agreement, a theme that has run consistently through Administration speeches. "We are pursuing that goal with undiminished vigor," Brown stressed, even though the nation's "basic objectives of strategic deterrence, adequate stability and equivalence are overriding."

At week's end, as Carter headed to Texas to watch 2nd Armored Division maneuvers at Fort Hood along with Brown and Secretary of the Army Clifford Alexander, he continued to emphasize the idea of harmony in his Administration's policymaking. At a Chamber of Commerce luncheon in Fort Worth the day before the maneuvers, Carter told an audience of 5,000: "There is overwhelming cooperation and compatibility between Secretary Vance, Dr. Brzezinski, Harold Brown and others who help me shape foreign policy."

Having gone out of his way earlier in the week to buttress Vance's position, he now came to Brzezinski's defense. "It is certainly not right," he told the Texans, "for the Soviet Union and Cuba to jump on Dr. Brzezinski when I am the one who shapes the policy after getting advice from him and others."

President Carter's audience listened attentively as he declared: "I am determined to have a SALT agreement with the Soviet Union without unwarranted delay." But he got his biggest hand when he turned to that other theme of the week: "We are determined to stay strong. We are not going to let the Soviet Union push us around. We are not going to be second."



"What's the direction of our foreign policy today, Mr. President?"

Pied Piper on the Potomac

The tax messiah hit Washington last week. His message was the same: cut. But its meaning was not as easy to absorb in the capital as it was when delivered back in the sunny precincts of California. That, of course, is an old story along the Potomac.

Howard Jarvis was given a five-hour tour of Capitol Hill by California's senior Senator, Alan Cranston, a proud liberal who had opposed Jarvis' heretical Proposition 13. At one point, as Jarvis surveyed the federal splendors, Idaho's Senator Frank Church, the Snake River Valley's unabashed advocate of activist government, leaped up from his salmon and tea to wring the hand of the famous visitor. Jarvis had taken his political tactics from the book of populism in which Church claims entry. But Millionaire Jarvis' right-wing views and his bank account would make a legendary populist like Pitchfork Ben Tillman turn over in the red earth of South Carolina.

In short, Jarvis confused political theology wherever he went on his Washington rounds. While liberals were announcing their conversion to the Jarvisian principles of fiscal evolution, longtime Republican fundamentalists like Kansas' Robert Dole and Delaware's William Roth were elbowing their way into the limelight that surrounded Jarvis, fearful that the oldtime virtues might be usurped by the Democrats. Jarvis and his tax problem did nothing so well as expose the near chaos and/or panic that grips both political parties. Where to put Jarvis in the political spectrum? How to reckon his movement in long-range national terms?

The White House debated whether President Carter should invite Jarvis down to the Oval Office and glean a little of his luster, then mysteriously decided against it. The Congress vacillated, voting one day for a spate of 2% cuts in appropriation bills for some agencies, then refusing the next day to do the same to the budgets for other agencies.

The ADA got a rousing call to oldtime liberalism from oldtime Liberal George McGovern. But there was no rush to

the barricades, McGovern's record for persuasiveness being what it is. The nation's cash-starved mayors meeting in Atlanta were bipartisally unenthusiastic about the Jarvis message. But Senator Edward Kennedy, having a good political ear, brought a whiff of the Jarvis theme down to them. Elongately redundant, Kennedy told the mayors that all levels of government must find "more effective ways to cut the fraud and the fat and waste to counter the rising frustration of the taxpayers who pay the bills."

There was yet another curious turn back in Washington. Eager Republican congressional candidates attending a workshop on how to be elected in the fall were cautioned against rushing joyfully down the path behind the beguiling piping of Jarvis. "We just don't know yet where this thing is going," warned Vince Breglio of Decision-Making Information, a political polling and consulting firm. But he did urge fellow party members: "Stick with the Republican tradition of less government spending."

The political scene for the fall promises to be every man for himself as each candidate scrambles to accommodate the changing moods back home. Normally, Republicans should make huge gains in such an environment. But as House Minority Leader John Rhodes ruefully noted last week, the Democrats have thrown away their old banners and quietly stolen Republican colors.

Out in Iowa, for instance, the cry has gone up against liberal Democratic Senator Dick Clark that he is nothing but "a clone of Teddy Kennedy." Republicans had better take a second look. As his words to the mayors in Atlanta show, Teddy Kennedy is talking about ways to keep the lid on spending. He is even arguing that his \$27 billion national health-care plan is the essence of frugality: otherwise health costs will be even higher. Teddy's heart may not be in the same place as the heart of Howard Jarvis, but Kennedy and his friends are getting good at the new lingo.



Jarvis, on heels of Proposition 13 victory, addresses Washington Press Club; Ted Kennedy speaks to nation's mayors in Atlanta. Democrats were stealing Republican colors, and practically everyone was looking for more effective ways to cut fraud and fat.

Coping with the Tax Cut

California eases the impact with a \$5 billion relief fund

While Howard Jarvis strutted around Washington and U.S. mayors fretted in Atlanta about how his tax-cutting crusade might hurt them, California struggled with a more immediate problem. On July 1, the end of this week, Jarvis' triumphantly successful Proposition 13 goes into effect, with its more than \$7 billion slash in revenues from property taxes. As a select committee of six of the state legislature's most powerful members worked feverishly on a rescue plan, thousands of lobbyists flocked to Sacramento to apply pressure.

A brigade of disabled workers and people handicapped from birth parked their wheelchairs outside the hearing

package of first-year emergency aid that will considerably soften the impact of Proposition 13. The solution was swiftly approved by the full legislature and signed into law by a pleased Brown, whose own relief plan had been only slightly modified. In a televised address to Californians, he declared: "Proposition 13 creates challenges, it creates problems, but it creates an opportunity to make government in California a model for people all over the country."

The stopgap solution was to parcel out \$5 billion of an estimated \$5.8 billion surplus in state revenues to more than 6,000 local government units. The schools will get the biggest chunk of the fund, \$2.2 bil-

ion for welfare, Medicaid and other programs borne by the state's 58 counties. Thus fears that poor people would suffer drastically may not materialize. The legislature did decree, however, that there be no increase in welfare payments unless public employees also get a pay hike. Brown has already asked for a freeze on state salaries. Since it would seem to be political suicide for lower-level officials to vote increases for themselves at a time when the taxpayers are screaming so loudly for less spending, welfare payments probably will be frozen.

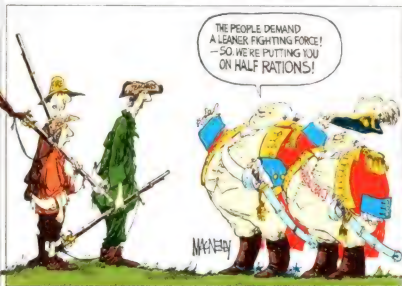
Most of the remaining rescue money, about \$1 billion, will be reserved for emergency loans to local governments with special problems. Many local units, for example, commonly borrow from banks while awaiting anticipated property tax revenue. But with the property tax knocked down by 57% as a result of Proposition 13, banks now are understandably unwilling to make such loans.

Clearly, the initial effect of Proposition 13 will not be as draconian as some bureaucrats had predicted. But that is only because state revenues have been high, a condition that could change quickly. The slightest business recession could make a similar state bailout of local governments impossible next year. On the other hand, by relieving taxpayers, Proposition 13 could well stimulate enough business growth to generate added tax revenues.

Apartment dwellers in three large complexes near San Francisco may reap a dividend from the tax cut their landlords have promised to reduce rents. To pass along his tax savings, one apartment-house owner pledged to lower rents \$30 a month for 1,000 tenants. San Jose Businessman Larry Whitaker, president of Halcayon Communications, Inc., said he would pro-rate his own \$18,921 property tax cut among his 150 California employees. The Bank of San Pedro knocked 1/2% off its consumer loan rate in a similar move to distribute its tax benefits.

Despite such calming gestures, a residue of bitterness persists in the wake of Proposition 13's passage. The city council in Livermore (pop. 54,400) has taken a defiant stand, vowing to spend \$320,000 on new council chambers even while threatening to fire a fourth of the city's 207 employees. "There might never be that much money on hand again for years," explains Assistant City Manager Edward Shilling.

From their besieged bastions, public officials sometimes glowered out at the taxpayers. "The public is ugly, the citizens are mean," declared Los Angeles County Supervisor Kenneth Hahn. Despite the one-shot relief from the state, countless local officials remained fearful about the long-range effect. As Committee Chairman Rodda quipped, "Having rescued the state from chaos, the legislature can now proceed to address the problem of total confusion."



room in the Sacramento capitol in a quiet plea that their welfare aid not be reduced. Leaders of powerful police and fire fighters' lobbies jammed the committee chamber. So did the state's influential teacher and school lobbyists. Committee Member Leo McCarthy, speaker of the state assembly, passed up so many meals as the deadline neared that he had a severe allergic reaction to energy-sustaining almonds and had to be temporarily hospitalized. Select Committee Chairman Al Rodda, a mild-mannered former college economics instructor (his doctoral dissertation was *The Economic Mind in 18th Century Colonial America*), spent 18-hour days grappling with the economic minds of angry 20th century Californians. Also breathing heavily on the legislators was Governor Jerry Brown, whose own plans for dealing with the crisis—and perhaps his political career—were at stake.

The committee finally tied together a

lion. That will mean only a 10.5% overall cut in their operating cash from current levels. The relief money will be applied on a sliding scale so districts that have long had less money for schools will get the most. This will help meet a California Supreme Court decision that support of schools should be equalized.

Police and fire-fighting forces fared even better. The legislature directed that a \$250 million slice of the relief fund for cities be used to prevent any cut at all in police and fire department budgets. The result may be, however, that towns and cities will have to cut even more deeply than feared into services like parks and recreation, libraries, public transportation, street cleaning and garbage collection. Local officials may even have to pinch themselves where it hurts most: cutting administrative staffs and such perks as travel allowances and official cars.

Another \$1.5 billion will go toward

The Unions Needed One More Vote

A strategy fails, and the Senate blocks the labor reform bill

The nation's labor unions have been dwindling in recent years in both membership and political clout. But they mustered all the lobbying power they could behind the Labor Reform Act of 1978. Pressured by AFL-CIO Boss George Meany, President Carter gave the bill forceful, if not all-out, support. But businessmen, large and small, rallied strong opposition, arguing that the bill would put them at a disadvantage with Big Labor and lead to a wave of organizing, particularly in the South, where unions have been weak. Last week, after the bill had been stalled for 19 days by a filibuster, labor's forces suddenly lost, at least for now, in a showdown on the Senate floor.

The bill would have made union organizing easier by simplifying the enforcement of existing labor-relations laws. A

owners of small businesses are "overtaxed and overregulated" and had a legitimate fear of a "further extension of union organizing power and of a strengthened National Labor Relations Board." He had helped prepare 1,200 amendments that could have come up for votes, one by one, if their filibuster failed.

An equally intent Senate majority leader, Robert Byrd, repeatedly called for cloture votes to end debate. Through five such roll calls, the antifilibuster support slowly mounted from 42 to 58. Last week Byrd was ready with a plan to reach the magic 60 votes on the sixth attempt.

Byrd knew he had 58 votes. He hoped that he could persuade Alabama Democrat John Sparkman to cast the 60th vote if the 59th could be secured. Byrd had acquired a pledge of that vote from Louisi-

vens said that if Long was switching, then he too would shift sides—and would vote against cloture. Byrd's carefully nurtured 59 votes had dropped to 58.

The majority leader tried to save the situation by building up such a large vote for sending the bill back to committee that it would be seen as a mere tactical maneuver. But the Senators understood Byrd's strategy—he no longer could cut off debate under any conditions. The motion to return the bill to committee then carried unanimously. Although Byrd vowed that he would bring the legislation back for action on the floor without another filibuster, he had certainly lost this round.

Said Senate Republican Leader Howard Baker: "The principal battle is over. I don't expect the bill to come back." He reached out and grabbed the hand of Indiana's Lugar. "Richard, you do good work," said Baker. Indeed, the Republicans had not only stung Jimmy Carter with a legislative defeat but they had shown once again that Big Labor no longer packs a big wallop in Congress.



Labor Reform Act For Richard Lugar with 1,200 amendments designed to block the bill
The votes for passage were there, but not enough to break the filibuster.

key provision would have given any worker fired for union recruiting—such firings are already banned by law—time and a half in back pay. At present, such a worker must be given normal retroactive pay. Another provision would require that elections among employees on whether to form unions be held in at least 35 days; current law specifies 45 days.

During the fight, the Senators were inundated by millions of letters, postcards and phone calls from both sides. Teams of labor lobbyists roamed the Capitol Hill corridors. Business supporters paped the Hill with statements, studies, polls and visits from small businessmen.

All along, the Administration and Senate Democratic leaders were confident that they had a firm majority of votes for passage of the bill. But they were not certain they could enlist the 60 votes needed to cut off the filibuster led by Republican Senators Richard Lugar of Indiana and Orrin Hatch of Utah. Lugar argued that

ana Democrat Russell Long, who would switch from his pro-filibuster stand if, among other things, the bill were amended to outlaw labor's use of "stranger" pickets, workers from one plant who join picket lines at another. Byrd planned to send the bill back to the Human Resources Committee to add the Long provision.

But as shrewd Parliamentarian Byrd began to put his plan into action, it went awry. When he made his motion to recommit, his foes were bemused. "The sweeping generosity of the majority leader's offer had not dawned on anybody," Lugar slyly recalled. Long took the floor to let all Senators know that he would provide a 59th vote for cloture. But, South Carolina Democrat Fritz Hollings, who sensed that Byrd would not get the vote, scoffed at Long, claiming that the bill's opponents had expected him to jump ship from the beginning. As the Senate mood turned surly, Alaska Republican Ted Ste-

Hush, Hush

The spy who came in and told

At issue in an Alexandria, Va., courtroom last week was whether top CIA officials could hold an ex-spy to his written agreement to let them censor anything that he wrote about his undercover experiences. Testified CIA Director Stansfield Turner: "If he is able to get away with this, it will prove to other people that we have no control." In other words, the agency wanted to chill into silence other potential telltale spooks.

The case involved Frank Snepp, who spent eight years with the CIA, 4% of them in Viet Nam. Last November he published a minutely detailed, 580-page book, *Decent Interval*, in which he charged the CIA with "a failure of judgment at the highest levels" for not trying to evacuate all of its Vietnamese agents before Saigon fell to the Communists. Snepp disclosed no secrets in his book. But by not letting it be reviewed before publication, the CIA claimed, he broke the contract he had signed when he was hired by the agency.

During the two-day trial, crusty Federal Judge Oren Lewis sided with the CIA. He denied a defense motion for a jury trial, saying there were no facts to settle. He lectured Snepp about his having no right to reveal classified material. When reminded that the case involved no classified material, the judge accused the defense of "dealing in semantics." Lewis judgment, which Snepp intends to appeal, "I think it was a willful, deliberate and surreptitious breach of contract and the highest public trust. He never said he was doing it, a la the Pentagon papers, to save the country. He did it for the money," Lewis suggested that the proper penalty, which he will announce as part of his written verdict this week, "might be to relieve him of all his ill-gotten gains."

Bittersweet Battle

Sugar and price and disappearing documents

World sugar prices have plummeted from 65¢ per lb in 1974 to 7¢ today. That is good news for consumers, particularly for the country's biggest user, Coca-Cola Co. Each 1¢ drop in sugar prices saves Coke \$20 million a year. But the tumbling prices are bad news for domestic growers of sugar cane and sugar beets, who contend they need a price of 17¢ per lb. to meet their production costs.

The price fluctuations set the stage for a bitter controversy that has raged in Washington for months. Senator Frank Church of Idaho has turned beet red and Senator Russell Long of Louisiana has raised cane in an attempt to boost Government price supports for sugar, now 13.5¢ per lb., to 17¢. They are opposed by the Carter Administration, which insists that a price floor higher than 14.4¢ per lb. would be inflationary. Last week the battle turned ugly when makers of corn fructose (a sugar substitute) accused the Administration of withholding documents needed to prove their charge that Carter's 1977 sugar policy was illegal.

But the dispute goes beyond prices. It also involves conflicting ideas of how the Government should help the sugar industry meet foreign competition. The Administration favors direct subsidies; this would keep down prices to housewives and big consumers (including Coca-Cola, which is headed by Carter's old friend J. Paul Austin). But subsidizing low-priced sugar reduces demand for corn fructose. Congress favors sugar import duties and quotas, which would raise prices and help producers of both sugar and corn sweeteners.



Long after meeting with Carter
Raising cane and molding compromises

In May 1977, Carter rejected suggestions for import quotas and adopted a temporary program to pay producers up to 2¢ per lb. whenever the price of sugar dipped below 13.5¢ per lb. The program was to stay in effect until Congress approved the International Sugar Agreement to stabilize world prices at between 15¢ and 19¢ per lb. through Government stockpiling. Instead, Congress amended the farm bill, which became law Oct. 1, with a program of loan supports, tariffs and import fees intended to satisfy producers of both kinds of sweetener.

Since then, charge Congressmen, sugar growers and corn fructose producers, the Administration has dragged its feet in implementing the amendment. Tariffs were not imposed until November, and even then there were big loopholes that allowed foreign sugar to flood the U.S. market in December (TIME, March 13).

In January the corn fructose makers sued the Agriculture Department, charging that the agency had violated Congress's intent by not moving fast enough on the 1977 law. The plaintiffs then began a search of Government files for incriminating evidence. The lawyers asked for 20 documents that the Agriculture and Justice departments insisted on having reviewed by White House officials to determine whether they should be withheld on grounds of Executive privilege. They included presidential memorandums and minutes of Cabinet meetings. Since March the corn growers' lawyers have been asking about the status of the documents. Last week they were told by Justice Department Lawyer Joseph Sher that they need no longer ask—the documents were nowhere to be found. The growers went back to court and petitioned the judge to order the Government to produce either the documents or "all individuals in the chain of custody of these documents for deposition." TIME Correspondent Gregory H. Wierzynski reports that "those close to the suit say it is either a case of potentially explosive material that the White House wants to hide or extreme bungling by the Administration's legal staff." Replied White House Deputy Counsel Margaret McKenna: "There's nothing sinister about this. It's all probably very simple bureaucratic confusion."

To add to the White House problems, Long led a congressional delegation to the White House last week to press for sugar import fees and quotas. Said he: "If I went to my cane farmers and said something nice about President Carter, I would be lucky to get out with my hide." The President was conciliatory and promised to take a personal hand in finding a compromise to end the controversy. ■



Nazi Leader Frank Collin

Skokie Spared

Now it is Chicago's turn

"Curiouser and curiouser," Alice might have said. In Chicago last week, a black federal judge, heeding the arguments of a Jewish lawyer, ruled that American Nazi Frank Collin and a handful of brown-shirted followers could hold a rally in Chicago's Marquette Park.

Collin has been seeking permission to demonstrate in the all-white, working-class neighborhood for more than a year. After being thwarted by the city's requirement of a \$60,000 bond to pay for any damage, the self-styled Führer shockingly decided to march instead in Skokie, a heavily Jewish suburb of 66,200 people, including several thousand survivors of Hitler's death camps. Skokie immediately invoked a series of ordinances to stop him, which were all overturned by state and federal courts.

But leaders of the militant Jewish Defense League promised that about 3,500 members would block the march, by force if necessary. Collin and his 90 or so friends had little stomach for that confrontation. Instead, they obtained a ruling from Federal Judge George Leighton that Chicago could not require the bond and had to issue them a permit for a rally on July 9 in Marquette Park, near their headquarters. Said half-Jewish Collin (his Jewish father spent several months in Dachau): "My overall goal was always Marquette Park, where I can speak to my own white people rather than a mob of howling creatures in the streets of Skokie." Collin may find no peace on his home ground either. Black and Jewish leaders have promised to stage counterdemonstrations in Marquette Park on the same day. ■

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Carter's Professional Politician

Tim Kraft goes all out for his boss—and wins some friends

"You could get a hearing, sure," says Minnesota Democratic Chairman Rick Scott, describing the White House during Jimmy Carter's first 15 months in office. "But the guy supposedly listening was always tapping a pencil on the table. Now it's different. They listen."

This transformation was wrought by Tim Kraft, the Hoosier with a Pancho Villa mustache who two months ago became the President's chief coordinator on political liaison and patronage. Kraft's job is to improve Carter's relations with Democratic Party officials and contributors, to help get the President's programs through Congress and to help get him re-elected in 1980. Although Kraft is one of the President's top staffers, he has remained almost invisible. White House Correspondent Laurence I. Barrett reports on Kraft at work.

His close friend and mentor, chief Presidential Aide Hamilton Jordan, calls him "Crafty," a wordplay on his name, not his style. Timothy Earl Kraft, 37, has a reputation for directness and reliability as well as a disarming, aw-shucks mien and slow, quiet drawl. Says a White House staffer: "He's more of a good ole boy than the Georgians."

Kraft also has more of a taste and talent for political detail work than the Georgians, including Carter, whose disdain for party regulars was an asset during the campaign but has been a weakness in office. "Some things were falling between the cracks," acknowledges Jordan, who recommended that Kraft's \$56,000-a-year fence-mending post be created.

To court state party leaders, Kraft has started a series of White House breakfasts where they get a chance for candid exchanges with Cabinet officials—and a chance to see the President. Most of the guests come away impressed. "Sure, it's an ego message," says Scott. "But it pays off. It builds a relationship." Kraft and his staff of four also try to spot opportunities outside of the White House for Carter to make allies. "We're not out to politicize the White House," Kraft says, "but we've got to use the political resources we have better than before."

Thus, when Carter last week went to Texas for a \$1,000-a-couple Democratic fund-raising dinner in Houston, Kraft added speeches in the districts of two influential House members, James Wright and Jack Brooks, to Carter's schedule. Kraft also made certain that the President would have a bouquet of good news for his hosts, ensuring a welcome in a state

where his popularity has been falling fast. Carter announced that Ellington Air Force Base, which was scheduled to be closed, will be taken over instead by NASA—thereby saving about 1,000 jobs in the Houston area. In addition, the Environmental Protection Agency will grant \$6.4 million to expand a sewage treatment plant in Fort Worth.

Working closely with Democratic National Chairman John C. White, Kraft also plays the quiet troubleshooter in a variety of delicate situations. For instance, in Puerto Rico, rival factions for two years have been contending for control of the party apparatus. One of the issues is whether the island will have a presidential

well for Guatemalan villagers. Kraft became a kind of political nomad, to Washington for a time as a Peace Corps recruiter, to Mexico with the 1968 Olympics committee, to California for a bit part in Jesse Unruh's unsuccessful gubernatorial campaign, back to Indiana to manage a losing congressional race, off to the West as a roving Democratic fund raiser. Between jobs, he escaped for travel in South America or Europe, or for backpacking and skiing in the U.S. In 1974, while serving as executive director of the Democratic Party in New Mexico, he met Jimmy Carter. "I was impressed," Kraft says, "though I thought he didn't have a chance to get the nomination." But Kraft joined the Carter campaign anyway, first as manager of Carter's crucial caucus victory in Iowa, later as director of Carter's climactic primary win in Pennsylvania.

The first White House job Kraft held was that of appointments secretary—the keeper of the presidential door and time clock. He has always had a comfortable relationship with his boss, though he has never been as close to Carter as Jordan or Jody Powell. Carter seems to welcome Kraft's puckish sense of humor. Once, after Carter dressed him down for letting a day's schedule get too crowded, Kraft sent him a bogus schedule for the following Saturday—a day normally kept light. It was heavy with names of people Carter preferred not to see any day of the week.

Like Carter's other top assistants, Kraft is a total loyalist. "You have career people who are dedicated to the presidency and I admire that," Kraft says. "But there must be some people who are dedicated solely to the President, people who go flat out for this particular President. For me the criterion is, 'What's best for Jimmy Carter?'"

Following that standard, Kraft drives his battered 1969 Ford to the White House by 8 a.m. every day, stays past 8 p.m.

and puts in some weekend hours as well. There are job lists to consider, a sea of memorandums from the Cabinet departments, political invitations for presidential visits. Gone is the time for backpacking trips or even the occasional poker game that he once enjoyed. He counts himself lucky to spend a little time on Sundays at the pool in the backyard of the Georgetown house he shares with Jordan and Presidential Pollster Pat Caddell (Kraft's marriage broke up recently after just ten months).

It has been quite a change for the political vagabond who never held one job very long. "I don't mind," he says. "The work is stimulating. The people are great. And after all, it's a finite commitment. Just eight years."



Presidential Assistant Timothy Kraft in his White House office

A Hoosier who is more of a good ole boy than the Georgians.

primary in 1980 or continue to select convention delegates by caucus. Kraft, who speaks Spanish well and has built a strong bond with the group backing primaries, helped to coax a "compromise" through the Democratic National Committee that favors the pro-Carter faction and improves the prospects for a primary. Should Carter face a challenge from another Democrat in 1980, he would benefit from an early contest in a friendly setting.

Kraft is an old hand at local politics. Among his earliest memories as a child in Republican Noblesville, Ind., are the thumping defeats suffered by his Democratic relatives in campaigns for local office. After majoring in government at Dartmouth ('63) and spending two years in the Peace Corps building latrines and



Surrounded by her supporters, Polemicist Schlafly speaks against the Equal Rights Amendment in the Illinois capitol

Anti-ERA Evangelist Wins Again

Feminine but forceful, Phyllis Schlafly is a very liberated woman

Looking crisp and composed in a red shirtwaist dress, red-white-and-blue scarf and frosted hair, Phyllis Schlafly arrived last week at the Illinois capitol with 500 followers. To symbolize their opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment, which was about to be voted on in the house, the women had brought loaves of home-baked bread—apricot, date nut, honey-bran and pumpkin. But as she climbed onto a kitchen stool to address the cheering crowd, Schlafly the demure housewife turned into Schlafly the aggressive polemicist. The passage of ERA, she declared, would mean Government-funded abortions, homosexual schoolteachers, women forced into military combat and men refusing to support their wives.

For the past six years, Schlafly, 53, has been delivering similar exhortations to similar gatherings, helping to turn public opinion against ERA, which is still three states short of ratification. After passing 35 state legislatures in five years, ERA was defeated last year in Nevada, North Carolina, Florida and Illinois. Last week the amendment lost once again in Illinois when the house narrowly defeated it. With no other state legislature scheduled to vote on ERA, the amendment will expire on March 22, 1979 unless Congress agrees to extend the deadline.

ERA's decline has been largely the result of Schlafly's small (20,000 members) but highly disciplined organizations. Stop ERA and Eagle Forum. While the feminists have splintered over the issues of abortion and lesbian rights, Schlafly's troops have centered their efforts on ERA. They have evolved into a formidable lobbying force, allied with local and national right-wing groups, including HOW (Happiness of Women) and AWARE (American Women Are Richly Endowed).

Flying from state capital to state cap-

ital, the savvy, disarming Schlafly matches the feminists' rhetoric phrase for phrase. She bluntly proclaims that "all sensible people are against ERA," and dismisses the liberationists as "a bunch of bitter women seeking a constitutional cure for their personal problems." In many of her speeches, she continues to insist that "women find their greatest fulfillment at home with their family."

Schlafly, however, is hardly a typical housewife. Author of nine books, a three-time candidate for the U.S. Congress, full-time law student at Washington University in St. Louis, editor of a monthly newsletter, twice-a-week syndicated newspaper columnist and regular speaker at anti-ERA rallies, she acts very much like a liberated woman. By her own reckoning, she is away from her family at least once a week. She employs a full-time housekeeper to care for her six-bedroom Tudor-style mansion overlooking the Mississippi River in Alton, Ill.

How does Schlafly reconcile her career with her stay-at-home dogma? "My husband lets me do what I want to do," she says. "I have canceled speeches whenever my husband thought that I had been away from home too much." Besides, she adds, "when I fill out applications, I put down 'mother' as my occupation." She boasts that she breast-fed every one of her six children and later taught each of them how to read. Says she: "I work all the time. I'm organized. I've learned to budget every minute."

Schlafly developed her organizational talents early. Raised in St. Louis, the daughter of a failed inventor, she put herself through Washington University ('44) by working 48 hours a week testing machine guns at a local arms plant. After earning an M.A. in political science from

Radcliffe in 1945, she returned to St. Louis to edit a conservative newsletter.

After marriage in 1949, to Fred Schlafly, a wealthy corporation lawyer, she became increasingly involved in right-wing Republican politics. In addition to writing the bestselling book *A Choice Not an Echo* for Barry Goldwater's 1964 presidential campaign, she started her own national newsletter, the *Phyllis Schlafly Report*. She was a delegate to three G.O.P. conventions and served as president of the Illinois Federation of Republican Women. When she ran for the presidency of the National Federation of Republican Women in 1967, she lost in a bitter campaign against a more moderate candidate. Schlafly's own next-door neighbor in Alton, a housewife and active Republican, accused her at the time of being "an exponent of an extreme right-wing philosophy—a propagandist who deals in emotion and personalities where it is not necessary to establish facts or prove charges."

Undaunted, Schlafly ran for Congress in 1970 (she lost). When her role as wife and mother became an issue, she retorted: "My husband Fred says a woman's place is in the house—the U.S. House of Representatives." A similar line was used that same year by another woman politician of considerably different views —Bella Abzug.

Schlafly started fighting ERA when she wrote an article denouncing the amendment in her newsletter in 1972. After that, she says, "it just snowballed." She began tireless rounds of debating feminists, making appearances on talk shows and speaking at rallies. Ahead lies a bitter fight against the feminists' drive to win an extension of the amendment's deadline: Vows Schlafly: "We will bury ERA on March 22, 1979." Her opponents claim that she is using the ERA issue to aid her own career, but she denies having further ambitions for political office. Still, given her record, she seems unlikely to retire to hearth and home. ■

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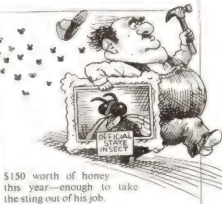
Americana

Capitol Sting

A group of third- and fourth-graders swarmed through the Vermont statehouse last January and persuaded legislators to designate *Apis mellifera* (the honeybee) as the state's official insect. Argued one of the young lobbyists "Bees are industrious, just like us Vermonters." The bill was duly signed into law by Governor Richard A. Snelling.

At noon one day last week, 10,000

bees droned into Montpelier and settled under the eaves near the Governor's office. "It's probably just a delegation to thank Governor Snelling," joked Beekeeper Emile ("Beaver") Couillard, 65, as he climbed a ladder 50 ft. to reach the gathering insects. Couillard, who likes bees as much as any other industrious Vermonter, took the swarm home to his hives, where he expects them to produce about



\$150 worth of honey this year—enough to take the sting out of his job.



Crash Pad

Wayne Sulo Aho, 61, says he had his "cosmic initiation" in the Mojave Desert in 1957, when he encountered a "beautiful, majestic egg-shaped light" that was given off by a spacecraft. He claims that the extraterrestrial crew guided him through a number of "unusual experiences" including a military-style inspection of their ranks. Now president of an association of flying-saucer believers called the New Age Foundation, Inc., Aho this year urged President Carter to appoint an Ambassador to Outer Space, just in case more otherworldly visitors show up. So far, the President has not responded.

Last week Aho's group went ahead on its own and dedicated a 14-acre clearing near Washington's Mount Rainier as a Spacecraft Protective Landing Area for the Advancement of Science and Humanities (SPIAASH). The saucer enthusiasts plan to ask the Pentagon not to attack aliens who try to land there. How will they recognize their earthly crash pad? Through mental telepathy, says Aho. "If we send out the right kind of thoughts, we will communicate." Just in case the vibes are bad, the landing site is also clearly marked by ropes and a sign reading NEUTRAL LANDING ZONE.

Singlehanded Victory

Since 1967 Simon Geller, now 58, has put in 85 hours a week running an FM radio station in Gloucester, Mass., spinning the records, answering the phone, writing the ads, maintaining the transmitter—all by himself. His annual earnings from the station have never topped \$5,000. Last year a group of local businessmen and politicians asked the Federal Communications Commission to transfer Geller's license to them, claiming that his all-classical-music format was "not responsive to the needs of the community." They proposed to replace it with dinner music and public service programs.

During a three-day hearing, 17 listeners testified for Geller, only two for his opponents. Last week FCC Administrative Judge John H. Conlin praised Geller for his "selfless dedication and highly personalized style" and renewed his license for three years. Battle over. Geller hopes that advertising will pick up. Says he: "It's taken ten years of starving before the big national advertisers realized I was here, but they're starting to wake up." Score another one for the little guy.

A Grave Matter

Michael Chellel, who played the flasher in the NBC comedy special *Just for Laughs*, has a new act in Hollywood. He has published a map showing the graves of 140 celebrities, including Theda Bara, Humphrey Bogart, Walt Disney, Errol Flynn, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, who are all buried in Forest Lawn—the cemetery satirized by Evelyn Waugh in *The Loved One*. Chellel sells about 40 maps a day on weekends (price: \$5 each). For \$25 more he will arrange to have flowers delivered to cemeteries for fans of deceased stars. Business is so good that Chellel is now giving grave thought to another venture: running organized tomb tours.

Pillow Talk

Ever dream of a few more hours each night in the land of Nod? Most people have, which makes them experts, sort of, in somnology, the science of sleep. Now Psychologist Wilse Webb of the University of Florida has come up with a finding that many people may have suspected all along: they sleep less than they used to. After 20 years of study, Webb reports that Americans today, on average, sleep 1½ hours less daily than they did 60 years ago. Says he: "We're definitely squeezing sleep."

Nowadays the national average for most adults is 7½ hours. About 15% sleep



less than 6½ hours, and a somniferous 15% slumber on for more than 8½ hours. In contrast, gorillas and cats sleep about 14 hours out of every 24, while elephants and short-tailed shrews get by on a positively neurotic two hours.

Webb's explanation of Americans' increased wakefulness is the "Edison effect," which has expanded their activities by turning night into day and nibbled away at their slumber time. He remarks: "We've ripped away the cocoon of darkness with electric light." Which is a small thought to sleep on.

World

MIDDLE EAST

"Wrong Signal, Wrong Time"

Jerusalem's answer on the West Bank further dims peace prospects

After almost two months of standing quietly in the wings, the Middle East is back on the diplomatic stage again. When he visits Jerusalem this week for Israel's 30th anniversary celebrations, Vice President Walter Mondale will talk with Israeli leaders about how to get the stalled peace negotiations moving once more. After that, he plans to fly on to Alexandria for a meeting with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat.

Depending on how Mondale fares, Washington hopes to arrange a July meeting in Europe, probably in London, between Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and his Egyptian counterpart, Mohammed Ibrahim Kamel. Also attending U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. Following that, Vance might soon find himself flying to the Middle East for the fifth time since he took office 17 months ago.

What triggered much of this latest activity was Israel's response to two questions that the Carter Administration put to Dayan during a Washington visit two months ago. The U.S. pointedly asked Dayan to clarify Jerusalem's position on the captured Arab territory in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. Would Israel be willing to declare that at the end of five years the final status of these areas would be resolved? And how might this resolution take place?

The government of Premier Menachem Begin took its time in arriving at

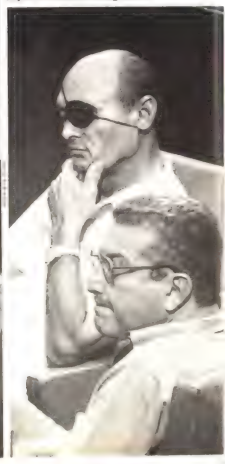
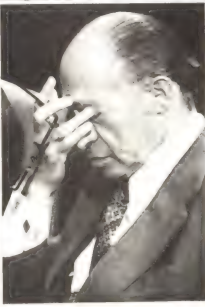
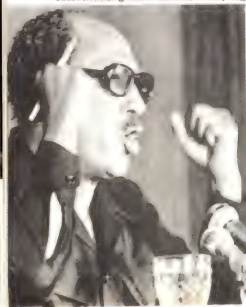
its answers. When it finally did so last week, it was almost a year to the day after the ailing Polish-born guerrilla fighter and political mystic came to power and seven months following Sadat's "sacred mission" to Jerusalem. But the passage of time had not changed attitudes. The Israeli government's response was only a crisp observation that five years after a peace agreement Israel would be willing to negotiate "the nature of future relations" between itself and the West Bank. With that virtual non-answer, the Begin government signaled once more that it was determined to hold on to the West Bank and Gaza at any price, even at the cost of foreclosing the best opportunity Israel has had to make peace with its Arab neighbors since its founding 30 years ago.

That was bad news for practically everybody, even within Israel. It was widely criticized. Two of Begin's 19 Cabinet colleagues abstained from the Knesset vote, and a third, Defense Minister Ezer Weizman, stormed out of the meeting shouting and cursing. The decision, in his view, "will lead us all to another round of wars. I will go and prepare the army for the next war." The Labor opposition was also sharply critical. "What is the point of giving an answer that nobody will accept?" demanded Opposition Leader Shimon Peres. "Who needs a decision that by its very nature is a neither-nor reply?" Added former Premier Yitzhak Rabin: "It is ridiculous that the three main Cabinet

members cannot agree on a decision like this."

The Jerusalem *Post* blasted the regime's response as "irrelevant" and "neither a yes, nor a no, nor even a maybe"—although, in fact, it confirmed Begin's continued unwillingness to give up any part of what he regards as the historic land of Israel. The mass-circulation daily *Ha'aretz* noted: "If even members of the Israeli Cabinet voted against the reply, one can hardly expect the Israeli answer to be welcomed enthusiastically in Cairo." *Ma'ariv*, the afternoon daily, was equally foreboding. "It may be possible to gain a few weeks' breathing space," said the paper. "But it will not be possible to ease American pressure or improve relations with Washington, which are at a distressingly low level." On the same theme, *Post* Columnist Meir Merhav predicted: "There will be a gradual

Dayan and Weizman during debate



Sadat criticizing Israeli decision; a weary Begin sitting in the Knesset

disengagement, not between us and the Arabs, but between the U.S. and Israel. Formerly open doors will become closed, listening ears will turn deaf, and warm sympathy will become icy scrutiny."

Indeed, the U.S. response was chilly. While the State Department, after a three-day pause, merely expressed "regret" that Israel had not been more forthcoming, Washington's mood was spelled out more bluntly by one of Israel's leading champions, New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits. On the Senate floor, Javits said unhappily that the Begin government's answer was "a disappointment," a petulant declaration that is "the wrong signal, at the wrong time, and argues with the wrong party. I hope this is not Israel's last word."

Israel, Javits added, must "come forward with a more precise statement of its views as to the permanent status of the West Bank and Gaza." Otherwise, he said, the U.S. might be driven to try to impose its own peace plan on the Israelis and Arabs alike.

Javits also rapped Sadat for not following up his peace initiative with much more than "public rhetoric," and he urged the Egyptian to take a more active role in the negotiations. Yet all that certain U.S. Jewish organizations and "spokesmen" seemed to notice were the Senator's comments on Israeli policy. Some organizations, like the American Jewish Committee, backed Javits and described him as "a very, very good friend of Israel." Other groups had much different feelings. The American Jewish Congress, which tends to shoot from the hip and almost automatically supports Israel's position in any Middle East argument, criticized Javits for climbing aboard the "Let's-put-more-pressure-on-Israel bandwagon." Richard Cohen, a New York spokesman of that organization, declared "We believe that the life-and-death decisions involving Israel's security can only be made by the people who will have to pay with their lives for those decisions." National Director Bonnie Pechter of the radical Jewish Defense League angrily denounced the Senator as "a Jew who has forgotten he's Jewish."

While the groups that attacked Javits professed to reflect the views of U.S. Jewry, many prominent American Jews sharply disagreed. Connecticut's Senator Abraham Ribicoff, a staunch supporter of Israel who drew much heat from the Israeli lobby when he backed the Administration's sale of warplanes to Egypt and Saudi Arabia, was "in complete agreement" with Javits on Israeli withdrawal from Arab lands. Los Angeles Rabbi Alen Frechling, president of the Southern California division of the American Jewish Congress, took issue with the position of his group's national leadership. "I refuse to go along with the philosophy that you don't criticize Israel in public," he said. "I think Javits' statement is an articulation of a frustration on the part of

many Jews and non-Jews that peace is slipping by. Knee-jerk reaction to criticize anyone who criticizes Israel is being a bit irresponsible."

Adds a prominent American Jew who has held posts in four Administrations: "Javits absolutely reflects thoughtful Jewish opinion and the feelings of Americans friendly to Israel. The Israeli response was an evasion; it suggested a real lack of readiness to find an answer."

Perhaps the biggest loser in last week's

Israeli Cabinet decision was Anwar Sadat. Jerusalem's decision will increase the pressure he has been getting from several quarters to renounce his peace initiative in the interest of restoring Arab unity. Among the friends who are pressing him to change course is Jordan's King Hussein, who has urged him to acknowledge publicly that his peace effort has failed. Sadat has refused. Among his foes is his own ambassador to Lisbon, former General Saadeh Shazli, who was fired from

Begin: "Beyond the Pale"

TIME's Jerusalem bureau chief Donald Neff assesses Menachem Begin on the first anniversary of his premiership.

It was just a year ago that the former guerrilla leader and ultranationalist Menachem Begin came to power—and all the worst fears, and more, of his critics have since come to pass. More than any other man, Begin has set back the chances for peace in the Middle East. He has proved inflexible, myopic, hard-lining and probably deceptive, especially in his dealings with Washington.

Under Begin, the slow erosion of relations between Washington and Jerusalem that started with the new Carter Administration have accelerated sharply. Begin has proved unbending in his determination to establish new settlements, even though the U.S. has urged him to go slowly. Under his aegis, 23 new settlements have been authorized or constructed on the West Bank alone, including the "archaeological dig" at Shiloh. In the previous ten years of Labor Party rule, only 28 West Bank settlements were established.

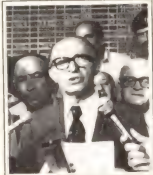
Probably the greatest irritant in the Washington-Jerusalem relationship is Begin's refusal to admit that U.N. Resolution 242 applies to the West Bank, that hilly desert area that he calls part of the Jews' homeland by "natural and eternal right." The hope was that when he came to power, he would recognize the historic necessity of giving up the West Bank with its 692,000 Palestinian inhabitants. A year later, observers wondered whether even such an optimist as U.S. Ambassador Samuel Lewis any longer held out hope that Begin will change Israel's leader truly believes that the West Bank is more important than peace or, to put it another way, that there can be no peace and security without maintaining Israeli troops on the West Bank. Among Israelis, that is a widely shared opinion, and Begin loses no points at home for his adamant stand.

During his twelve months in power, Begin has emerged as a mystic, a legalist, a man totally insensitive to any problems beyond those of Jewish Israel. He is tiresomely preachy in his talks with non-Israeli leaders, repeating to the point of boredom his odd fact-and-fiction litany of Jewish biblical and legal rights, his self-justification for Irgun atrocities and his blend of self-righteous arrogance.

Foreign visitors more often than not come out of his presence with a look of glazed incredulity. British Foreign Secretary David Owen almost certainly did say after one meeting with Begin, "I can't stand that man." Though American diplomats put up a good front about their feelings toward him, other ambassadors are less restrained. One, when asked at a private party what he thought of Begin, observed, "He's beyond the pale."

Indeed, many Israelis are saying the same thing today, mainly because they believe he is seriously ill. Stories and speculation abound about his deteriorating health. He is known to have a bad heart condition and diabetes, and rumored to have just about everything else. Two weeks ago, he remained home for three days, supposedly resting, but widely believed to be ailing.

Given the external criticism of Begin's policies, not to mention the state of his health, it might be reasonable to conclude that he may not be in office much longer. But that is not necessarily true. Despite the overseas criticism and the cracks in his own government, most political observers in Jerusalem are convinced that for the moment Begin's political standing remains solid and secure.



Begin on election night in 1977

World

his post last week after savagely denouncing Sadat. Shazli has disliked Sadat ever since Sadat removed him as Chief of Staff shortly after the 1973 October War, and he appears to see himself as available to charge home from exile if asked to replace a faltering Sadat.

The Egyptian President's reaction to the Israeli vote was publicly mild. "If the peace initiative should fail," he said, "it will not be the end of the world. There will be a new approach." Privately, he has taken comfort from the amount of opposition in Israel to Begin's stand, particularly Weizman's strong reaction. Sadat has threatened in the past to let the Sinai disengagement agreement lapse in October, when it comes up for renewal, if the impasse has not been broken by then. But what he really hopes is that the U.S. will become what he calls a "full partner" in the negotiations. Translation: he wants the U.S. to come up with its own peace plan, judging that it would be closer to Egypt's position than to Israel's and would not be easy for the Israelis to dismiss out of hand.

Despite its disappointment with the Israeli decision, Washington is not inclined to try to press any peace proposals of its own. Indeed, while Washington has some ideas ready, no "U.S. plan" exists at present. Instead, the Carter Administration maneuvered to keep peace prospects alive by getting Sadat to formulate his own West Bank proposal, either alone or with King Hussein. This would counter Jerusalem's complaint that nobody else has come up with a concrete proposal for the West Bank, and it would get the two sides talking again. Later on it could pave the way for the U.S. to propose a compromise formula without appearing to be trying to impose a solution. Last week the effort appeared to be working. U.S. Ambassador to Cairo Hermann Eilts was invited to Sadat's vacation villa at Alexandria to hear the outlines of a proposal to return the West Bank to Jordan and Gaza to Egypt.

Washington observers feel that the next few weeks may prove crucial in determining whether the Sadat initiative can be rescued and Sadat can survive politically. For the second year in a row, an international financial consortium made up of the U.S., Saudi Arabia, the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and several European countries has agreed to a multibillion-dollar aid package covering Egypt's foreign-currency needs. Though that will allow Sadat to import enough wheat to keep his people fed, they still hunger for the peace-borne prosperity he has led them to expect. Says one White House official, "If we can't get the negotiations process restarted now, Sadat may have to take a walk. If that happens, it may take another ten or 15 years before we get another important Arab leader who is willing to go as far as he has." That is a fact that Israelis, as well as their supporters in the U.S., should ponder. ■

ITALY

Verdicts Against Anarchy

A tumultuous trial ends—and the killing continues



Red Brigades defendants leaving courtroom

Not in recent times, if ever, had an Italian trial been conducted in such an atmosphere of fear and intimidation.

Less than a month after Renato Curcio, founder of Italy's notorious Red Brigades, and 45 other defendants were brought to trial in Turin in 1976 on charges of subversion and other crimes, Genoa Chief Prosecutor Francesco Coco was gunned down. One of the defendants announced in court that the murder was committed by *brigatisti*, and the trial was postponed. Then, shortly before the court was to convene again a year later, Fulvio Croce, president of the Turin Bar Association and newly appointed chief defense counsel, was murdered. Once again, the trial was postponed. Finally, last March the proceedings resumed. Despite yet another murder, of a police inspector who had helped apprehend one of the defendants, Judge Guido Barbaro vowed that the trial would go on.

So it did. Last week after nearly four months of testimony and five days of deliberation, the four-man, two-woman jury,

which under Italian law was joined by Barbaro and his assistant judge, returned its verdict. It acquitted 16 of the defendants, ordered a new trial for one and found 29 guilty. Curcio, 37, got the maximum sentence: 15 years.

Throughout the trial, the 15 defendants in custody (26 were free on their own recognizance, five are still at large), kept up an emotional tirade against the judge, the jury and their own defense counsel. But when Judge Barbaro read the verdict, as more than 800 carabinieri and other police ringed the courthouse, the defendants were absent from the steel-barred cage in which they had been kept during the proceedings. They had all elected to remain in their cells as a protest against what they called a "court of the regime."

The defendants who were in custody made no pretense of innocence. In a final statement, read by four of the defendants, they told the court that all those on trial were militant Red Brigades members who assumed "collectively and in entirety responsibility for every one of its past, present and future actions." The kidnap-murder of former Premier Aldo Moro this spring by other Red Brigades terrorists, declared one of the defendants, was "a leap forward of high quality." Even as the jury was deliberating two gunmen followed former Antiterrorist Squad Chief Antonio Esposito, 36, onto a Genoa bus and shot and killed him before hurrying passengers. They then drove off in the car of a waiting accomplice. Meanwhile, the police have had little to say about the progress of the Moro case itself since the arrest last month of six people who have been charged (along with five others still at large) with complicity in Moro's assassination.

But for the moment, even the Moro case is being overshadowed by new political turmoil. Two weeks ago, Italian President Giovanni Leone resigned following allegations of profiteering and tax evasion. The maneuvering leading up to voting in Parliament beginning this week to choose a new President is putting a heavy strain on the government of Christian Democratic Premier Giulio Andreotti. The choice of a new President may well be settled in a three-way tug of war between the Christian Democrats, the Communists, and the Socialists in combination with the smaller centrist parties. Summed up Benigno Zaccagnini, Christian Democratic Party secretary and a front runner for the presidency, "In this dramatic Italian spring, we are living through events that will be decisive for the history of our country." ■



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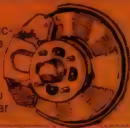


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World

CHINA

Arms Shopping in the West

Peking decides its "people's war" needs some Occidental punch

They did not exactly go around kicking the tires of Jeeps or thumping the sides of armored vehicles, but in other respects the Chinese officers were behaving just like wide-eyed customers inspecting the new models in an auto showroom. Evincing much more interest than the representatives of the 60 other countries attending Britain's Aldershot exhibit of glittering military equipment last week, a six-member Chinese military delegation moved slowly from display to display. It intently studied the Chieftain tank, asked detailed questions about the Clansman tactical communications system and carefully examined dozens of examples from among the 10,000 other items of defense hardware being offered for sale.

In the meantime, a second delegation of Chinese military men was ending a twelve-day tour of Sweden's defense facilities. There they had looked at, among other things, Swedish-built submarines and the Saab-Scania supersonic Viggen fighter jet. This week the delegation heads southward to see what Italian manufacturers offer in the way of land, air and sea weaponry. A similar delegation of Chinese experts visited France last autumn to inspect materiel there.

The Chinese have been mostly looking, not buying, but they are clearly interested in acquiring advanced Western military equipment. This sharp and very recent departure from the Maoist policy of "self-reliance" in arms betrays Peking's deepening concern over the adequacy of its defense forces and the relevance of Mao's dictum that "the richest source of power to wage war lies in the masses of the people." For decades this "people's war" strategy led Chinese generals to maintain religiously that their hordes of soldiers would triumph over any attacker, no matter how sophisticated his weapons. As a result, Peking all but ignored the advances in weapons technology that other countries have been pressing to achieve. Thus while China today can boast the world's largest standing military force, its 3.95 million soldiers, sailors and airmen (compared with 3.67 million for the U.S.S.R. and 2 million for the U.S.) are equipped with obsolete arms.

The Chinese air force, for example, ranks behind only the American and Soviet in size, but comprises mostly various home-built versions of the MiG-19, a Soviet fighter of the 1950s based on now outdated technology. Facing the obsolescent Chinese MiGs are some of the Kremlin's hottest new war planes, including the high-flying MiG-25 Foxbat.

Peking's ground forces are not in much better shape. While Chinese-produced rifles (based on the Soviet AK-47) and grenades are of high quality, artill-

ery and antitank weapons lack modern infrared and laser aiming devices. Most of China's tanks, moreover, are copies of Soviet products that are at least a generation old and no match for the powerful new T-72s that the Russians are beginning to deploy along the tense, 4,500-mile Sino-Soviet border. Even Peking's atomic force lacks punch. China has 80 nuclear-tipped missiles, but only two or three of them are in the 3,500-mile intercontinental-range category.

To remedy its military deficiencies, Peking's post-Mao leadership is applying to defense problems the same kind of pragmatism that it has used on the econ-

West Europeans are delighted at the thought of a potentially huge market opening in China for their military goods. Not only would this boost exports and help their trade balance, it would also enable their arms manufacturers to increase the volume and efficiency of their output. A major obstacle to Western arms sales to China has been opposition from the U.S. Explained a senior British official: "There can be no question of Britain selling military hardware to the Chinese on any other basis but full accord with the U.S." Washington has opposed such sales, arguing both that the arms might be used against Taiwan and that the Kremlin would view the sales as an anti-Soviet move that would not be in the spirit of détente.

In the wake of the recent visit to China by National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, however, the U.S. seems to be



A Chinese general trying out a rifle while visiting military installations in France

Like wide-eyed customers inspecting new models in an auto showroom

omy, education and other matters. While Peking is not expected to abandon the main aspects of the "people's war" strategy, it clearly has a new respect for military hardware. Observed the *Liberation Army Daily*: "Material strength can only be destroyed by material strength and one cannot smash the enemy's iron tank with one's 'red brain'."

This year, according to China experts in Hong Kong, Peking will spend \$36 billion on defense, of which an estimated \$10 billion is earmarked for purchases of advanced Western technology. Says a senior U.S. analyst: "They really need everything—right across the board." High on the Chinese shopping list are communications equipment, radar, artillery, helicopters and vertical- and short-takeoff aircraft, such as Britain's Harrier. But the top-priority items are the kind of antitank and antiaircraft weapons that could be used to repulse a Soviet push across the border

softening its position on sales of "non-lethal" American equipment to Peking. In early June, for example, the Carter Administration permitted a Michigan electronics firm to sell China \$2.8 million worth of geological equipment that could potentially be used for military purposes such as detecting submarines. Only one month earlier, Washington had blocked the sale.

The Administration, moreover, may be concluding that China should even be allowed to buy some of the West's purely military equipment if it would not endanger Taiwan. Notes a senior U.S. official: "The ability of China to feel comfortable about its own defenses is an important part of the world balance of forces, which is important for us." While the U.S. is still opposed to the sale of American arms to Peking, it is widely expected that the U.S. will become increasingly sympathetic to Chinese requests to purchase modern arms from other nations of the West.

World

Lenin's Way

Peking vs. Hanoi (Contd.)

Although Lenin scarcely meant it to apply to relations between Marxist regimes, China and Viet Nam have embraced his dictum that "hatred is the basis of Communism." In both countries last week there were signs of mounting tension. Hanoi, Hue and Haiphong, as well as all of Viet Nam's armed forces, went on alert, and radio stations announced that "self defense" classes were being set up. On the Chinese side, the number of troops on the frontier was increased, and crews moved into border areas to widen roads for the passage of military equipment.

Peking recalled its ambassador to Hanoi, then summarily closed three Vietnamese consulates in southern China. Earlier this month China's Vice Premier, Teng Hsiao-ping, declared a halt to aid to Viet Nam. "China's cash grants to Viet Nam already amount to \$10 billion," he told a group of journalists from Thailand. "The only thing wrong is that we have given Viet Nam too much," he added, referring to the vast amounts of military aid given Hanoi during the war, including 80% of the Viet Cong's weapons.

Peking claims that the 1.2 million ethnic Chinese residents of Viet Nam, most of them merchants and shopkeepers, have been hit unfairly hard in a crackdown on private enterprise that Hanoi launched last April. It says that in the past two months 133,000 Chinese have fled from "barbarous treatment" in Viet Nam. Last week two Chinese ships steamed into the Gulf of Tonkin to pick up Chinese at three Vietnamese ports.

Refugees reaching China have told stories of being singled out for property confiscation by the Vietnamese, whose dislike for the Chinese derives from ten centuries of rule by China (111 B.C.-A.D. 939). But others who have fled to Hong Kong, Malaysia and Thailand insist that Hanoi's expropriation policy, though painful, has been uniformly applied.

China's new leaders are highly displeased to have an ally of Moscow to the south. Peking claims that the Soviet navy has occupied Cam Ranh Bay, that the Soviet army has a camouflaged missile site at Hon Gay, and that the Russians are building a naval base near Haiphong.

Western intelligence experts believe that Hanoi is trying to keep free of domination by Moscow. But China's aid cutoff will only increase Viet Nam's dependence on the Soviet Union, which has been giving more than \$600 million a year to the hard-pressed country. If its spat with Peking becomes semipermanent, as seems possible, Hanoi will have to lean harder on its Soviet crutch. This month, for example, Viet Nam did not have the cash reserves to pay for the 2 million tons of rice it needs to import this year.



Tito at last week's congress

YUGOSLAVIA

"Good Father"

At 86, Tito still rules

The opening date had been chosen with care: exactly 30 years after fiercely independent Yugoslavia was expelled from Joseph Stalin's Cominform for what became known as "Titoism." Many things have changed since then, but not the enduring presence of Yugoslav President Josip Broz Tito himself. Last week, as 2,300 delegates from the Balkan federation's League of Communists and observers from 63 foreign Communist parties (including the Soviet Union's) met in Belgrade for the country's eleventh national party congress, the official four-day agenda seemed of secondary importance. Overshadowing everything was the figure of the crafty former World War II resistance leader—and the fact that at 86, Tito surely will not be around to lead much longer.

The subject never came up at the congress, of course, where delegates dutifully sang the hagiographic ditty, *Comrade Tito, We Swear that We Will Not Deviate from Your Line*. Nor did Tito give a hint that he was anything but eternal. His hair still a perky shade of red, and looking tanned and relaxed in a jaunty, Palm Beach style cream-colored suit, Tito delivered an hour-long series of excerpts from a 92-page policy address that was remarkable for its globe-spanning comprehensiveness—plus, in certain respects, its blandness. He soberly warned of the dangers of a new world war between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Tito lectured party stalwarts on the need to raise productivity in Yugoslavia's worker-manager

system of socialism. As for the country's future, he magisterially declared that any speculation was "really ridiculous and senseless. We look to tomorrow with confidence and optimism."

Actually, the congress accomplished one thing relevant to Tito's serene prospect. It rubber-stamped a revamping of the Communist league's leadership, reducing the party's presidium from 48 to 24 members and confirming Slovene Stane Dolanc, 52, as its secretary. Thus Dolanc was reappointed as a member of Tito's inner circle of advisers, and in the long term, he could be a possible successor. In the short term, the front runner for Tito's title as President is Edvard Kardelj, 68, pre-eminent among eight members of Yugoslavia's collective state presidency and the party's chief theoretician. Kardelj, however, is ailing and may be no more than a prospective transitional figure.

But for the moment, Tito continues to rule as well as reign in Yugoslavia. He sees top party and government aides regularly. Matters involving foreign policy and the Yugoslav army are his personal domain. Says one Western diplomat in Belgrade: "He doesn't have to refer anything back to anyone for approval." Adds onetime Tito colleague Milovan Djilas: "His attitude is that of a good father."

Tito spends as little time as possible in the capital. His favorite summer retreat is the Adriatic island of Brioni, while his winters are spent at a cliffside villa in Igalo, on the southern tip of Yugoslavia. He still indulges his passion for hunting; last year the Yugoslav news agency Tanjug solemnly reported that he had shot the largest ibex ever killed in the Slovene mountains. He is also an inveterate movie watcher, favoring westerns and detective films. He lives alone, having a year ago banished from public view a third wife, Jovanka, 32 years his junior. She had apparently incurred Tito's displeasure by promoting the careers of army officers who shared her Serbian background. That kind of partisan behavior is anathema to Tito, a native Croat, who has held together the six-nation Yugoslav coalition by sternly avoiding any appearance of ethnic favoritism.

Tito betrays his awareness of his own age only by his avoidance of funerals and by the elaborate circumlocutions he uses to refer to his eventual death (one favorite phrase is "when I am no longer in this place"). Despite their leader's calm attitude toward the future, many Yugoslavs view Tito's departure with apprehension. Their main concern it will offer an opportunity for renewed Soviet pressure to bring the country back into Moscow-centered Communist orthodoxy. Yet there is one telling sign that Yugoslavs are steeling themselves for Tito's passing. His writings are being collected in a 60-volume series of works—the ultimate accolade for any figure about to join the pantheon of Marxist-Leninist saints.

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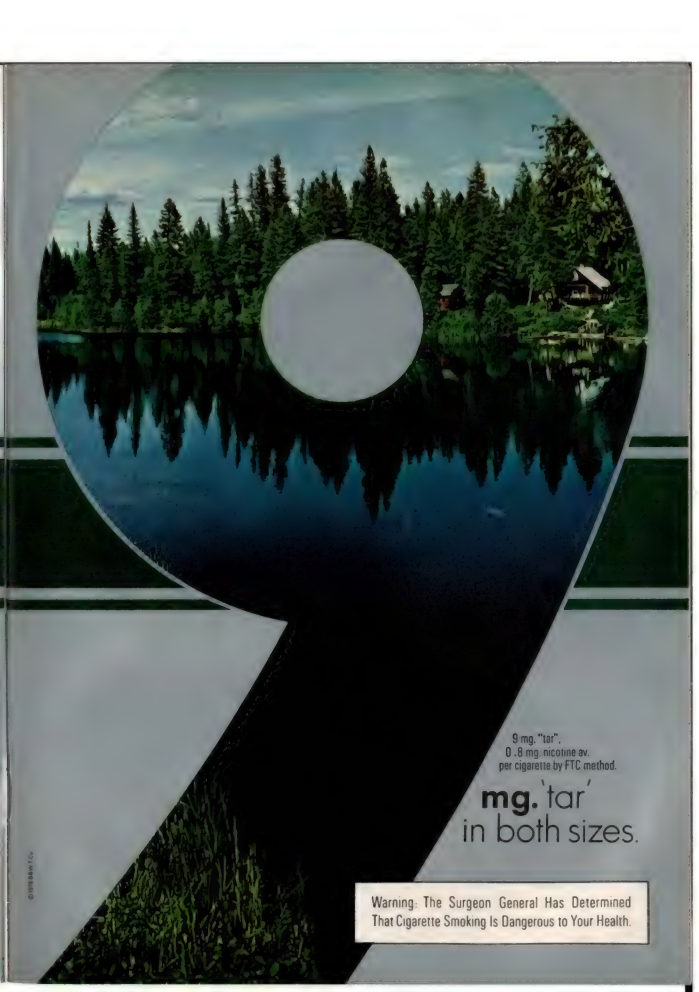
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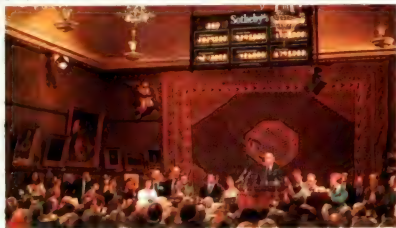
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World



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BRITAIN

The Sale of the Century

The Von Hirsch collection stirs a buying storm

"I want people to love and fight for my things just the way I did."

—Art Collector Robert von Hirsch

And fight they did. For what the London auction house of Sotheby Parke Bernet billed as the "sale of the century," dealers, museum directors and assorted collectors from all over the world converged on the British capital to join in a buying spree whose force startled even the more jaded veterans of the polished world of high-priced art. To be sure, nothing like the colossal 700-work collection of medieval ivories and enamels, old master paintings and drawings, Renaissance sculpture and impressionist paintings amassed by onetime German Leather Manufacturer Robert von Hirsch was likely to come on the block soon again. But, even so, the long awaited sale was a stunner. By week's end, with Von Hirsch's collection of impressionist paintings still to be sold, the orders on Sotheby's books totaled a stupendous \$22.9 million. By the time the auction concludes this week, the final take is expected to hit \$35 million—far beyond the \$25 million Sotheby's originally projected.

Before the auction, thousands of visitors, including the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, strolled through the exhibition rooms to see the collection. When Sotheby's chairman and chief auctioneer Peter Wilson pounded his small ivory hammer to begin the sale, 400 buyers filled the firm's chandeliered main auction

salon; closed-circuit television brought the auction to four smaller rooms and the nearby Westbury Hotel ballroom for the overflow. As Wilson proceeded to knock down one record price after another, the dizzying figures were flashed on an electronic board above him in pounds, U.S. dollars, French francs, Italian lire, West German deutsche marks, Japanese yen and Swiss francs.

U.S. Actor Jack Nicholson put in a successful bid of \$7,728 for a Tiepolo chalk sketch. French Idol Alain Delon also bid on old master drawings, but came away empty-handed. "The prices were very high," he said. "Not too high for me, but for the pictures." When Zurich Dealer Walter Feilchenfeldt, bidding for a German museum, paid \$1,177,600 for a small watercolor by Albrecht Dürer, reporters asked if he had not gone overboard. He answered coolly: "It went more or less according to plan." Said Sherman Lee, director of the Cleveland Museum of Art:



Mosan medallion, sold for \$2,214,000; Barbarossa's ornament

One man's magnificent obsession spurs a buying spree.

"The major items would probably have fetched the same prices if they had been offered to 40 dealers in a room, but the prices of all the other pieces get swept along during a sale like this." Lee himself swept down \$294,000 for a Rembrandt drawing, setting another record.

Many of the finest works went to German museums eager to recover treasures from the German past and take up the Bonn government on its offer to foot half the cost of their purchases. The State Museum in Berlin paid the top price of the auction: \$2,214,000 for a gleaming Mosan medallion made in A.D. 1150 for the Abbey of Stavelot in Belgium. On behalf of the Nuremberg art museum, a London dealer paid \$2,029,500 for another 12th century enamel, an arm ornament made for Holy Roman Emperor Frederick Barbarossa's coronation robe.

Almost lost in the flying millions was the memory of the man responsible. Born in Frankfurt in 1883, Von Hirsch began working at the turn of the century in the Offenbacher leather firm owned by his uncle. He eventually built it into one of the finest such companies in Europe. (The Grand Duke of Hesse enabled him to add the aristocratic von to his name by making him a baron.) Von Hirsch bought his first painting, a Toulouse-Lautrec, in 1907, and about that time also picked up a canvas dated 1901 by a 26-year-old Spaniard named Pablo Picasso. It was in the 1920s and early '30s, however, that Von Hirsch assembled his medieval collection. In 1933, as the political climate in Germany grew ugly, Von Hirsch, a Jew, moved across the Swiss border to Basel. He won permission to take his collection with him on condition he turn over to the German government Lucas Cranach's painting, *The Judgment of Paris*. After the war, it was returned to him still bearing the label, THE PROPERTY OF REICHSMARSCHALL GOERING. Von Hirsch gave it to the Kunstmuseum in Basel.

By then, he had developed both the taste and the wherewithal needed to build a great personal collection. Art lovers regularly called at his Swiss villa. If they were

lucky, there was a sumptuous

lunch and good conversation,

and then a stroll

through the spacious gardens

adjoining the mansion.

Many expected that the

villa, the gardens and the

collection might all be

turned into a museum. But

for Von Hirsch collecting

was a magnificent obses-

sion. Thus before he died

last November at the age of

94, he set aside a few per-

sonal bequests and then

decreed that the rest be

sold in order to give others

a chance to vie for the

treasures that nowadays

are rarely seen outside

museums.

World

ROYALTY

Love and Marriage in Monaco

Rainier loses a daughter but gains a son who "works with banks"

MONACO IS FOR LOVERS says the T-shirts hawked on the boulevards of Monte Carlo. But this week the tiny principality on France's Mediterranean coast was strictly for the paparazzi. While Princess Caroline, 21, prepared to wed Philippe Junot, 38, in the chapel of the Grimaldi family palace, reporters from all over the world were feverishly plotting their assault on a ceremony that the parents of the bride had vowed to keep private. The *National Enquirer*'s Florida-based tabloid, dispatched ten reporters and photographers to scour the Riviera in quest of informants on the courtship. There was talk that helicopters would be hired to hover above the walled-in palace garden. A Paris paper engaged a motorboat to give chase should the newlyweds depart by sea for their honeymoon.

Even if the press failed to penetrate the security surrounding the most controversial *affaire de coeur* in Monaco since Grace Kelly forsook Hollywood to marry Prince Rainier 26 years ago, there were other subjects to pursue. The guest list, first intended to include family friends only, read like a compendium of the *Almanach de Gotha* and *Variety*. Among those invited two ex-Kings (Umberto II of Italy and Michael of Rumania), the Aga Khan, Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia and Frank Sinatra. David Niven and Cary Grant (Britain's Prince Charles, otherwise engaged, sent regrets.)

Remembering those who happen to be untitled or obscure, Prince Rainier invited Monaco's 4,000 citizens over the age of 21 to a champagne reception—a magnanimous gesture for a father who continued to hope that his daughter would change her mind.

Rainier himself broke off a six-year liaison with a French actress named Gisele Pascal to marry Grace—a wedding boycotted by European royalty, who disapproved of the bricklayer's daughter from Philadelphia. And Caroline's grandmother Princess Charlotte—known long ago as the "Madcap Princess of Monaco"—made headlines when she ran off with an Italian physician.

Not long after Caroline was born, Grace expressed the hope that her second child would be

a son, so that her daughter would be spared the public life demanded of an heiress to a throne and "grow up to be anything she likes—even an actress." That wish came true when Albert was born a few months later, but Caroline grew up to be rather too independent—at least for her father's taste. At the Catholic school she attended she was considered "bright, outgoing, terribly inquisitive." Later, a former secretary to Princess Grace re-

membered a somewhat older Caroline at school in England, who was "very, very coolly precocious."

By the time she went off to Paris at 17 to study at the Institut d'Etudes Politiques, Caroline's rebellion was in full swing. Recalls a friend: "She smoked in public, drank more than was good for her and always seemed to have a pop star handy when the photographers arrived." Her worried parents, ambitious to uphold a dynastic tradition that dates back seven centuries, scanned Europe for suitably aristocratic suitors. Prince Charles was rumored to be a favorite, and Prince Henri of Luxembourg would have made an ideal son-in-law. Neither seemed interested, and in any case, Caroline was more intrigued with a Parisian boulevardier 17 years her senior.

Philippe Junot, who "works with banks," as Princess Grace puts it, is the son of a wealthy deputy mayor of Paris and onetime chairman of the French division of Westinghouse. Junot junior's various entrepreneurial activities included a stint in California with a fast-food drive-in establishment called Jack in the Box and vague doings as a financial adviser to clients in Paris and Montreal. He has a fondness for fast cars and racehorses, soccer and tennis, and—until he met Caroline—women. The list of his girlfriends, claims *Vogue* Journalist Gerald Asaria, "would fill several volumes" in the libraries of society magazines.

Once he met Caroline, at a party in 1975, Junot became a tenacious suitor. When Caroline was whisked off to the U.S. two summers ago, Junot followed. Finally, during a visit to the remote Galapagos Islands, Rainier grudgingly agreed to the marriage. But it was not until after London's *Daily Express* published a shot of a topless Caroline with Junot on a yacht that the palace issued a terse engagement announcement.

Caroline and Philippe eventually won over the bride's parents. Whether they would vanquish the press was another matter. Caroline's 42-ft. catamaran, a wedding gift from her father, was ostentatiously brought to the harbor last week, and Rainier's motor yacht was given a fresh coat of paint. Perhaps these were diversionary tactics. Friends hinted that the couple might return to the Galapagos. If so, the archipelago that inspired Darwin will no doubt be overrun by one of the most curious creatures of all: *genus scriptorium*. ■

Princess Grace with host Oscar Wyatt at prenuptial dinner in Paris



Caroline on the dance floor at the party with fiancé Philippe Junot



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KODAK CAROUSEL PROJECTORS



Special Section

In Search of History

A Personal Adventure

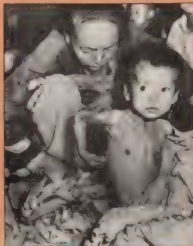
by Theodore H. White

War and famine in China. Europe rising from its ruins. The carnival of that most American of spectacles, a presidential campaign. Eyewitness to all these events, and more, Theodore H. White has produced a steady flow of distinguished reportage for four decades: stirring dispatches for *TIME* and *LIFE* magazines from Asia in convulsion; a bestselling book on the civil war that eventually brought Communism to Peking, *Thunder out of China* (1946); another on Western Europe's phoenix-like recovery from the devastation of World War II, *Fire in the Ashes* (1953); and then, after his return to a changed and changing U.S., the biggest hits of all, *The Making of the President* series (1960 to 1972).

But Watergate erupted just as White was completing his study of the 1972 race. Thus, even as he began work on the next volume in that series, he found himself increasingly disturbed by what he saw as his failure to understand fully the connections between politics and power, his inability to answer that most vexing of questions: "What's it really all about?" So he set aside *The Making of the President*, 1976 (he hopes to complete his presidential series in 1981) to write what he calls neither an autobiography nor a political history but "a long essay"—a try at fitting together the sights, sounds, persons and episodes that he had witnessed as he had been whipped around in the slipstream of American power. *In Search of History: A Personal Adventure* will be published in August (Harper & Row; \$12.95). It traces White's life from 1915, the year of his birth in Boston, to 1963, the year of John F. Kennedy's murder, a year he terms "the Divide"—not simply for him but for an America on the edge of upheaval. (White plans a second volume covering the '60s and '70s.) The following excerpts span three continents and a tempestuous quarter-century.



As field marshal of the Philippine army, Douglas MacArthur is an outcast from power—but not for long



One of the worst famines in modern history strikes Honan. 5 million Chinese perish, yet Chiang Kai-shek refuses to



He keeps 'em guessing about his candidacy in 1952



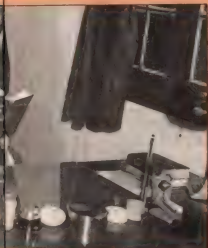
At Hyannis Armory, John after an avalanche of

TIME, JULY 3, 1978



Even as far back as the early 1940s, Chou En-lai shows the same mix of silk and steel that Richard Nixon finds in Hangchow in 1972

Straitlaced Joe Stilwell and the flashy Claire Chennault feud often, once over a brothel



province in 1943, and as many as recognize what is happening

History is derailed by accident when the bluff Patrick Hurley meets China's top Communist leaders, Chou, Chu Teh and Mao Tse-tung, in Yen-an in 1944



F. Kennedy brings his clan to the podium Chicago votes gives him victory in 1960

A new President is sworn in aboard Air Force One in 1963, and a week later Jacqueline Kennedy writes an epitaph for her slain husband

Special Section

MacArthur: The Napoleon of Luzon

After leaving Harvard in 1938 with a degree in Chinese language and history and a traveling fellowship, Teddy White made his way to Chungking, Chiang Kai-shek's mountain-girt wartime capital. There White began reporting for TIME, and in 1940 the magazine sent him on a tour of Southeast Asia that eventually took him to Manila and to a man who was then an outcast from power or influence, but not for long:

When I met him, on this trip, he was, by my youthful judgment, a very old man—over sixty! I went to see him because in my military survey of Southeast Asia I had been so disappointed by the U.S. Army in the Philippines—commanded by dull men who had contempt for the “aging” and retired one-time Chief of Staff of their army, Douglas MacArthur. They called him “the Napoleon of Luzon,” and one spokesman told me that he “cut no more ice in this U.S. Army than a corporal.” MacArthur was just an adviser to the Philippine Army, he said, not worth seeing. So I went to see this relic of history, this great soldier, now a field marshal in the Philippine Army.

MacArthur at sixty, on the eve of his great war command, was, I found, still a spectacle. His hands trembled; his voice sometimes squeaked. But he paced, and roared, and pointed, and pounded, and stabbed with his cigar, and spoke with an intelligence and a magniloquence and a force that overwhelmed. He was holding himself, he said, in readiness to command the

American expeditionary force in Asia when the war broke out. This was a year before Pearl Harbor, but he insisted war was coming. Beware of the Japanese Navy, he said, and continuing, he said that Japanese carrier-based aviation was superb. He believed, however, that the Japanese Army was not even second class, that it was shot through with venality. He himself, was building the new Philippine Army. He was altogether impressive.

I wrote my dispatch on

the defenses of Asia for TIME and then, provocatively, sent it upstairs from my room at the Manila Hotel to his penthouse suite. I had written that after three months of seeing all the generals—American, French, Dutch, English—in Southeast Asia, by far the best in every respect was General Douglas MacArthur, U.S. Army, retired. With this judgment MacArthur totally agreed, and I was immediately summoned to him.

It was late in the afternoon, and he was dressed in an old West Point bathrobe of blue and gray wool which displayed the Army “A” on its back; occasionally he puffed on a cornucop pipe. We rejoiced together that we alone understood the Japanese peril to America: in this sympathetic mood, he began to reminisce. He had been a young first lieutenant when he came here after graduation from West Point in 1903; he had fought the little Philippine brown brothers in the Aguinaldo insurrection. He had commanded a U.S. division in combat in World War I, had been Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army under Hoover; had retired. But he felt that our fate and Asia's were intertwined.

MacArthur was to be in Asia from 1935 to 1951 without ever coming home, conquering the Pacific islands, occupying and restoring the Japanese islands, commanding in Korea until Harry Truman fired him. Harry Truman fired him for good cause, of course, but there was in their clash a quintessence of the century-old clash in American history between military and civilians. MacArthur understood the politics of Asia, and not only in his legacy to Japan but in his parting admonition to his successors: “Anybody who commits the land power of the United

States on the continent of Asia ought to have his head examined!” demonstrated this understanding. What he could not understand were the politics of America. He was convinced that the military and the political executives were co-proprietors of American history, equal partners in the great adventures of war.

It did not occur to me that he was flawed politically until two years later. By that time, we, too, were at war with the Japanese. He had just escaped from Corregidor, was again an American general, not a Philippine field marshal, had been named commander of all U.S. forces in the Southwest Pacific—but with no visible support in troops, ships or supplies. He was indignant. I visited him in his headquarters at Melbourne, Australia. He managed to denounce all at once, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the President, George Catlett Marshall, the regnant chief of staff, Harry Luce, the publisher of his magazine, and the U.S. Navy. (“White,” he said, “the best navy in the world is the Japanese Navy. A first-class navy. Then comes the British Navy. The U.S. Navy is a fourth-class navy, not even as good as the Italian Navy.”) He was completely wrong in this in the spring of 1942, for the U.S. Navy was about to prove it was the finest navy that ever cut water, and Franklin D. Roosevelt and George C. Marshall were men greater than he.

Chou En-lai and the Dinner of the Pig

Back in China, White found himself more and more frequently in touch with another of the larger-than-life figures thrust up by the 20th century. His friendship with Chou En-lai, who headed the minuscule Communist liaison headquarters in Chungking, ripened over a memorable meal:

Having been tugged too often by friendship and affection for men I have reported, I am now as wary of friendship with the great as a reformed drunkard of the taste of alcohol. But Chou En-lai was, along with Joseph Stilwell and John F. Kennedy, one of the three great men I met and knew in whose presence I had near-total suspension of disbelief or questioning judgment. In all three cases I would now behave otherwise, but most of all in the case of Chou En-lai—a man as brilliant and ruthless as any the Communist movement has thrown up in this century, yet one capable of warm kindness, irrepressible humanity and silken courtesy. He had a way of entrancing people, and I cannot deny that he won my affection completely.

Perhaps the best way of getting at the twinkling character of the man and his charm is to describe what I remember as the dinner of the pig.

Chou had much time then, for the six- or seven-man staff of the Chinese Communist headquarters in Chungking were a lonesome group; and the visit of a malleable young American reporter gave them an opportunity, as they saw it, of influencing TIME magazine. After a year of growing friendship, Chou En-lai invited me to a banquet in my honor. We went to the finest restaurant in Chungking, the Kuan Sun Yuan, to dine—Chou, the Communist headquarters staff and myself, the only Westerners.

The reader must remember now how far I had come from my Jewish home. I knew I had been for months eating non-kosher food, but always tried to delude myself that the meats I ate were lamb, beef, or chicken. I was still so pinned to Jewish tradition that to eat pig outright seemed a profanation. At Chou En-lai's banquet, however, the main course was unmistakably pig, a golden-brown, crackle-skinned roast suckling pig.

“Ching, ching,” said Chou En-lai, the host. “Please, please,” gesturing with his chopsticks at the pig, inviting the guest to break the crackle first. For a moment I held on to my past. I put my chopsticks down and explained as best I could in Chinese that I was Jewish and that Jews were not allowed to eat any kind of pig meat. The group, all friends of mine by then, sat downcast and silent, for I was their guest, and they had done wrong.

Then Chou himself took over. He lifted his chopsticks once



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more, repeated, "ch'ing, ch'ing," pointed the chopsticks at the suckling pig and, grinning, explained—"Teddy," he said, "this is China. Look again. See. Look. It looks to you like pig. But in China, this is not a pig—this is a duck." I burst out laughing, for I could not help it; he laughed, the table laughed. I plunged my chopsticks in, broke the crackle, ate my first mouthful of certified pig, and have eaten of pig ever since, for which I hope my ancestors will forgive me.

But Chou was that kind of man—he could make one believe that pig was duck, because one wanted to believe him, and he understood the customs of other men and societies and respected them.

At that time, Chou En-lai was only 43 years old. His job, as scout in the tower for Mao Tse-tung, was to keep contact with the outside world. Later, that assignment would make him Foreign Minister, then Prime Minister of the People's Republic of China. What set Chou apart from the other Communist Chinese leaders was that he was, by education, a larger man; and by temperament, an elastic man. He could fight ruthlessly—but he could give up hatred, which made him unique among Communists. He had, for example, in 1945, pleaded with friends at the American Embassy to be allowed to fly to the U.S. to visit Franklin Roosevelt and explain the revolution to him: he had been turned down. He had helped design the Geneva conference of 1954, which temporarily halted the Vietnam war. But at Geneva, when he extended his hand in friendship to American Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Dulles humiliated him in public, refusing to shake the proffered hand. It was probably the most expensive display of rudeness by any diplomat anywhere, ever. Chou became a dedicated enemy of American diplomacy for many years, yet it was Chou who swung Mao's mind to accepting once more the bridge to America that he and Nixon built together. If that bridge endures in peace, it will be Chou's greatest contribution to both peoples.

This world eminence was far in the future when I first knew him. I do not know whether he was trying to persuade me, and through me, TIME magazine, that Chiang's government was a useless one and the Communists were the wave of the future; or whether he was simply enjoying educating me. One day he was explaining a particularly intricate point of Chinese politics and I interrupted to finish his sentence, which was rude. But he laughed and said that now I was on the threshold of beginning to understand the country. I was flattered; I do not know how many times Chou said this to foreigners, but I am told that his ultimate flattery of Secretary of State Kissinger was to tell him that he, too, was finally beginning to understand China.

Our personal relationship ended when he returned to Communist headquarters in Yenan in 1943. I saw him again and again in the years 1944 and 1945, but I would rather remember Chou the last two times I saw him, on the occasion of Richard Nixon's visit to China in 1972.

The first glimpse was in Peking's Great Hall of the People, at a banquet. The American journalists sat at the far rear of the hall which reputedly seats 10,000. When President Nixon rose to circle the innermost ring of tables of the mighty, I headed for the big table where Chou En-lai sat next to Mrs. Nixon. I was abruptly stopped by agents of our American Secret Service as well as Chinese security. Both Chou En-lai and Mrs. Nixon, next to him, saw my predicament simultaneously. Perhaps they were bored with their conversation, for I do not think that Patricia Nixon and Chou En-lai had much in common to discuss. Simultaneously both waved to their agents to let me through, and each tried to explain to the other why they had heeded to me. Chou En-lai, his English by now rusted away, could only say that I was "old friend, old friend," pointing at me. And



she, believing that I had approached to talk with her, was saying the same thing. For two or three minutes, I hovered awkwardly over the President's empty seat, but when Nixon returned, I fled.

I saw Chou again seven days later in Hangchow, one of the beauty spots of China. Nixon and Chou strolled over one of the several bridges spanning the lake with affected nonchalance. Nixon, who noticed me first, pointed me out to Chou, and I could not catch what he said. Chou said, "But that is Teddy White. He has not come back to China since the liberation." I was

angry; I had tried without success for 20 years to reach Chou En-lai and to re-visit China, so I shot back: "It's not my fault I haven't been able to come back." At which Chou En-lai shot back a jest in Chinese. My command of Chinese had by then rusted away; the official interpreter said that Chou En-lai had responded, "Maybe it's both our faults."

It sounded like the Chou En-lai I had once known, who was amused by Westerners' efforts to understand China, yet appreciated the effort. He might have accepted the Kipling phrase—"East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." But I like the way he said it better: "Maybe it's both our faults."

Chennault and the Kunming Whorehouse

After Pearl Harbor, Lieut. General Joseph Stilwell, U.S. Commander of the China-Burma-India theater, quarreled constantly with Chiang, whom he once described to White as "an ignorant, illiterate, superstitious, peasant son of a bitch." There was also a feud with one of his own men, Brigadier General Claire Chennault of the famed Flying Tigers, Commander of the U.S. China Air Task Force.

Stilwell and Chennault despised each other, but their feud was not merely personal. They fought over a conceptual difference about war, a conceptual difference which to this day splits all American defense and war plans: the concept of ground war as against the concept of air war.

I backed into the feud inadvertently. TIME had directed me in 1943 to write a study of Chennault, out of which they would carve the story that would run with his portrait on the cover. By then the Stilwell-Chennault feud could not be ignored.

I began by asking Chennault, off the record, where and how his great feud with Stilwell had begun. "That whorehouse of mine," he said obliquely. His first breach with Stilwell—over a whorehouse! Chennault's early strategy in 1942 rested on a strike force of fewer than 80 planes. But sometimes as many as half his planes might be grounded by accidents of casual copulation—ground and air crews both being hospitalized for infections acquired in Kunming's famous Shit Alley. Venereal disease reduced Chennault's combat effectiveness as if his planes had been bombed on the ground. Intolerable. Thus, since he could not pen up his young Americans in stockades, he must recognize their appetites, yet protect their health to keep his planes flying. Therefore Chennault had sent a U.S. Air Corps plane,

with a medical crew aboard, over the Hump to India, where twelve nondiseased Indian prostitutes had been inspected, medically cleared and recruited for the service of the China Air Task Force, and had flown them back in an American plane to our forward strike base, where the air and ground crews might dally with them and not be infected.

Stilwell had not authorized this, and exploded when he heard of it. Stilwell was the theater commander, he was a puritan. Stilwell knew that the Japanese had whorehouses for their troops, the Prussians had whorehouses for their



Special Section

troops; the French had warehouses for their troops. But not the U.S. Army, goddamn it. The U.S. Army would not fly whores across the Hump in Air Corps planes. It established no brothels for its men. Chennault wanted only to keep his planes flying and would do anything necessary to keep them in the air, to deliver his message with bombs. Stillwell had the morality of Oliver Cromwell—he was pure, absolutely pure, of graft, adultery, lying, thieving, or any transgression of the Ten Commandments. Such men served the U.S. Army in those days. Both were necessary—but Chennault had to close down his whorehouse.

Famine in Honan Province

"Of all marks on my thinking," writes White, "the Honan famine remains most indelible." It happened in the winter of 1943:

The scene was Honan, a province about the size of Missouri, but inhabited by 32 million peasants who grew wheat, corn, millet, soybeans, and cotton. Honan was a fine flat plain whose soil was a powdered, yellow loess which, when wet with rain, oozed with fertility. And which, when the rains did not come, grew nothing; then the peasants died. The rains had not come in 1942, and by 1943. Honan peasants, we heard in Chungking, were dying.

What a famine was, I did not know—nor did I know that the Honan famine of 1943 was one of the worst in modern history. But it sounded as if it would make a story. So, at the end of February 1943, I flew to North China with my friend Harrison Forman of the London *Times*, and won permission to travel the Lunghai railway from Paochi through Sian to the gap through which the Yellow River flowed and the railway ran. The Japanese, on the far side of the river, habitually shelled this gap by day. The station at the break, where we spent the evening, stank of urine, stank of shit, stank of bodies. All around us were acres of huddled peasants, bundles of flesh lying in the cold on the ground, waiting for the next train to take them east, to the rear area and food. Babies cried, but no one paid any attention, even if a baby was crying in the arms of a lifeless woman lying on the ground. Soldiers patrolled the mob, else they would have stampeded for the food or to board the trains that rolled at night.

In the morning a handbarrow was ready, too small a target for the Japanese artillery on the north bank of the Yellow River to shoot at. And thus, bundled in a soldier's padded robe, seated in the cold wind on an open pump-car, I traveled 30 miles that day as if I were a general reviewing his troops. But I was reviewing a famine.

There was, of course, much blood. First a man, lying by the rail line, still alive, crying, with his leg severed at the shin and the shinbone sticking out like a white cornstalk. He must have fallen under the wheels of the train. Then another man, still alive, his hip mangled and bloody. But the blood was not my chief distress; it was my inability to make any sense of what I was seeing. In a famine, where no one kills but nature, there are no marks on the body when people die: nature itself is the enemy—and only government can save from nature.

All day, along the railway tracks, as far as I could see, trailed an endless procession. They walked in the cold, and where they dropped of hunger or cold or exhaustion, there they lay. There were the wheelbarrows, piled high with family goods, father pushing, mother pulling, children walking. Old ladies hobbled with bound feet, sometimes young men carried their mothers piggy-back on their shoulders. No one stopped. If children cried over the body of a father or a mother, they were passed, soundlessly. I was seeing people in full flight, where no armed man pursued.

I was glazed with the sight when I arrived in Loyang, the provincial capital of Honan; and there at the station, in the dark,

they were packing refugees into boxcars like lumber for the night run over the gap. And again, the stink of urine and bodies; then, through the deserted streets to the Catholic mission.

Its master was Bishop Thomas Megan, of Eldora, Iowa, a stocky, cheerful, healthy man, devoutly Catholic and American. In this theater of death, the missionaries were partners in charity, Americans joining with Europeans, Catholics with Protestants. What outside relief came in, came through the missionaries; where we located them on our travels they were beleaguered—assailed by wasted men, frail women, children, people head-knocking on the ground, groveling, kneeling, begging for food, wailing, "K'o lien, k'o lien" ("Mercy, mercy"), but pleading really only for food.

With Megan, we set out on horseback through the winds of February and March, because he felt we should see the people dying. What we saw, I now no longer believe—except that my scribbled notes insist I saw what I saw. There were the bodies: the first, no more than an hour out of Loyang, lying in the snow, a day or two dead, her face shriveled about her skull; she must have been young; and the snow fell on her eyes; and she would lie unburied until the birds or the dogs cleaned her bones. The dogs were also there along the road, slipping back to their wolf kinship, and they were sleek, well-fed. We stopped to take a picture of dogs digging bodies from sand piles: some were half-eaten, and the dogs had already picked clean one visible skull. Half the villages were deserted; some simply abandoned, others already looted. One saw, as one traveled, people chipping bark from trees, with knives, scythes and meat cleavers; you could grind bark and eat it. The trees would then die and be chopped down for firewood; perhaps all China had been deforested that way.

The orphanage of central government General Tang En-po stains memory with its smell. It stank worse than anything else I have ever smelled. Even the escorting officer could not stand the odor and, holding his handkerchief to his nose, asked to be excused. Abandoned babies were inserted four to a crib. Those who could not fit were simply laid on the straw. They smelled of baby vomit and baby shit, and when they were dead, they were cleaned out.

So I saw these things, but the worst was what I heard, which was about cannibalism. I never saw any man kill another person for meat, but it seemed irrefutably true that people were eating people meat. The usual defense was that the people meat was taken from the dead. In one village a mother was discovered boiling her two-year-old to eat its meat. A father was charged with strangling his two boys to eat them; his defense was that they were already dead. In one village, the army had insisted that the peasants take in destitute children and an eight-year-old boy had been imposed on a peasant family. Then he disappeared. And on investigation, his bones were discovered by the peasant's shack, in a big crock. The question was only whether the boy had been eaten after he died or had been killed to be eaten later.

What had happened slowly became clear. The war was the first cause. If the Japanese had not made war, then the Chinese would not have cut the dikes of the Yellow River to stop them by switching the river's course. Then, perhaps, the ecology of North China would not have changed. Or, perhaps, food might have been packed in from food-surplus areas. But in addition to the war had been the drought. That was nature's guilt. At this point, men had become guilty—either for what they did or failed to do.

The only verdict was that the Chinese "government" had let these people die, or ignorantly starved them to death. The government was fighting a war against Japan; it was relentless in collecting taxes for the war. But since it did not trust its own paper money, its armies in the field were instructed to collect taxes in grain and kind for their own support. ("If the people





"THANK GOD AND THANK VOLKSWAGEN."

And we thank Brian Regrut for writing us the following letter about his Dasher.

Gentlemen:

Please pass along my thanks for your negative steering axis (or whatever it is called) to your engineers back in Germany. It helped keep me out of big, big trouble.

Many West Virginia roads, particularly those in the southern part of the state are bad. Unfortunately, I have to travel these roads during the course of my business.

Fortunately, I occasionally drive the mountains in my Dasher. (I usually drive a big company car.) The Dasher's size affords me the luxury of staying on the road when a coal truck passes in the other direction. And in the Dasher, I've always been able to dodge pot holes without spinning out of control, and to traverse the roads in bad weather with assurance.

Traveling home recently on these bad roads, the sidewall of my left front tire blew out while I was driving at about 50 miles an hour. Faced with on-coming traffic

on the left and a steep drop off the pavement on the right (40 feet down through the trees to the river), I braced for the worst. It never came. In fact I had little trouble maintaining control as I slowed to about 10 miles an hour and drove for about a quarter mile to a tiny spot where I could get most of the car off the road.

Finally, I was back on the road, thanking God that He was with me during the emergency, and thanking Volkswagen for designing a front end that helped me stay on the road.

With warm thanks,

Brian Regrut

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die," said an officer to me, "the land will still be Chinese. But if the soldiers starve, the Japanese will take the land.") The army had emptied the countryside of food, shipped in no grain from grain-surplus areas; ignored the need of the people to eat. The army's tax, I found, was usually equivalent to the full crop, but in some cases it was higher—and peasants were sometimes forced to sell animals, tools, furniture, for cash to make up the difference. Moreover, the peasants were required to feed the army's animals when they marched; and one civilian official said of his peasants, "It's very hard to make them give grain to army horses when I know they're eating straw themselves." In some army units, storehouses bulged with surplus grain—which officers sold for their own profit, and which missionaries and good officials bought from the black market to feed the starving.

I concentrated my last week in the famine area on estimating figures. My best estimate was five million dead or dying—which may have been 20% off the mark, one way or the other. But figures that large become statistics, thus forgettable. My sharpest memory is a glimpse, at evening as we were riding, of two people lying in a field sobbing. They were a man and his woman, and they were holding each other in the field where they lay, intertwined to give warmth to each other. I knew they would die and I could not stop.

So impatient had I been to get the story out from the famine area that I had filed it raw from Honan, from the first telegraph station en route home—Loyang. By regulation, it should

have been sent back via Chungking to be censored and almost certainly stopped. This telegram, however, was flashed from Loyang to New York via the commercial radio system in Chengtu, direct and uncensored. Thus, when the story broke, it broke in *TIME* magazine—the magazine most committed to the Chinese cause in all America. Madame Chiang K'ai-shek was then in the U.S., and the story infuriated her; she asked my publisher, Harry Luce, to fire me, but he refused.

In Chungking I was denounced by some officials for avoiding censorship, and accused by others of having plotted with Communists in the telegraph administration to slip my story out. It took five days to get through to Chiang K'ai-shek and then only with the help of the sainted widow of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, one of Madame Chiang K'ai-shek's older sisters. It was she who insisted the dictator receive me and then, to stiffen me, the dainty lady wrote, "... report conditions as frankly and fearlessly as you did to me. If heads must come off, don't be squeamish about it."

In his dark office, Chiang sat in his high-backed chair, listening to me with visible distaste because his meddling sister-in-law insisted he had to talk of the dying; then of the taxes; then of the extortions. It was obvious he did not know what was going on. I tried to break through by telling him about the cannibalism. He said that cannibalism in China was impossible. I said that I had seen dogs eating people on the roads. He said that was impossible. But there I had him. I had asked Harrison Forman to accompany me to Chiang's office, for he had photographs of famine conditions. His pictures clearly showed dogs standing over dug-out corpses. The generalissimo's knee began to jiggle slightly, in a nervous tic. He took out his little pad and brush pen and began to make notes. He asked for names of officials; he wanted more names; he wanted us to make a full report to him, leaving out no names. In a flat manner, as if restating a fact to himself, he said that he had told the army to share its grain with the people. Then he thanked us, told me that I was a better investigator than "any of the investigators I have sent on my own." And I was ushered out.

Heads, I know, did roll, starting, I assume, with those at the hapless telegraph office of Loyang, which had let slip to America the embarrassment of death in Honan. But lives were saved—and saved by the power of the American press.

Yahoo in Yenan

By late 1944, the military situation in China was desperate. Chiang and Stilwell were at an impasse, and Nationalist and Communist troops were faced off, as ready to open civil war against each other as to fight the advancing Japanese. To settle these intractable quarrels, President Roosevelt sent a special emissary:

All too often the dialogue of great historic forces is skewed by the spin of the initial conversation—and the dialogue of the American Democracy and Chinese Communism was thus skewed by their first official contact. The spokesman of China was Mao Tse-tung; the spokesman of America was Major General Patrick Hurley. Mao was a genius, Hurley was an ignoramus, and Hurley's arrival in Yenan during that first week in November 1944, to begin American negotiations with Chinese Communists, is a classic instance of the derailment of history by accident.

Hurley had made his mark as a politician in the Republican convention of 1928 in Houston, where he was one of the floor managers corraling delegates for Herbert Hoover. An Oklahoma corporation lawyer, he got his piece of the traditional share-out of office after a Presidential victory, being named Secretary of War in 1928. Later Franklin Roosevelt, making the war a bipartisan effort, sent Hurley, now accoutered as a major general, to negotiate with Chiang K'ai-shek

for both the creation of a coalition government between Communists and Nationalists, and the suppression of Chiang K'ai-shek by Stilwell as Commander in Chief of the Chinese land forces.

Hurley had already failed to make peace between Stilwell and Chiang when he decided to take off for Yenan to make peace between Communists and Nationalists. Hurley was talkative, with the Southwestern garrulousness that marked Lyndon Johnson—his concept being that, if he held a conversation together by his own chatter long enough, he might find out what he himself was talking about. His style was caught best by a

young congressman, sent by Roosevelt to China in November 1944, Mike Mansfield, later to be the Majority Leader of the U.S. Senate. Mansfield reported pithily to Roosevelt: "I saw Major General Pat Hurley and we had a very long talk. He talked for two hours and forty-seven minutes, and I talked for thirteen minutes."

Hurley loved dramas—and what could be more dramatic than the personal representative of the President of the U.S. dropping in, from the air, for the first summit conference of the American state and the Chinese revolution, unannounced. Because it was a dull afternoon, John Paton Davies, the State Department's political adviser to Stilwell, Colonel David Barrett, chief of U.S. military observers in Yenan, and I had gone to the airstrip to see one of our rare weather-service planes arrive. But there was a second plane, and out of it descended a six-foot-three-inch character in American uniform and overcoat, the pants pressed knife-sharp, a silver-haired, bushy-mustached major general, whose chest was covered with ribbons from shoulder to rib cage. It was Hurley Barrett, as senior American military officer, approached, looked the general up and down, offered the observation, "General, it looks as if you have a medal there for every campaign except Shays' Rebellion." Barrett was to suffer for this, as were I and Davies, and all who tried to instruct Hurley on China.

No more than five minutes could have elapsed before a ragged group of Communist Chinese soldiers raced down from the hill to line up in an honor guard. And almost instantly thereafter, appeared the Communist high command: Mao Tse-tung himself, in a baggy unpressed cotton-padded blue cloak; Chu Teh, the Commander in Chief, in the orange-tan thick woolen uniform of a common soldier; Yeh Chien-ying, the Chief of



Special Section

Staff, in the smart khaki-colored wool uniform of an officer; and Chou En-lai, in a dingy brown leather coat. There were only four automobiles in Yenan then, and when Mao required one, his vehicle was a converted ambulance. Out of this ambulance they now rushed, trotting pell-mell to greet Franklin Roosevelt's emissary, Hurley towered above the stocky Chinese like Captain John Smith surrounded by Powhatan's tribal braves.

Hurley advanced on the honor guard of disheveled soldiers, stood for a moment, and then let out a loud screech—"Yahoo!"—giving the Choctaw yell of his native Oklahoma. We gaped, but this was President Roosevelt's choice. That evening, since the Communists had already prepared a banquet in honor of the November 7 anniversary of the great Russian Revolution, we were all invited. At that banquet, when Hurley was called on to speak, he rose, paused, and then yelled again at the top of his lungs: "Yahoo!"

Of more consequence to me was my conversation with Hurley between our afternoon tea and the banquet. I had spoken to Mao Tse-tung, formally, only a few days before. I told Hurley that Mao had said there was no way of "untying the knot," no way of negotiating a peaceful end of the embryonic civil war, unless America recognized the existence of a de facto Communist government, and saw it as an independent ally in the great war against Japan.

For this briefing I was to suffer. I did not know, when I told Hurley that his unannounced and unbribe mission was probably futile, how much it would enrage him. But 20 years later, when the documents were published, I read that the next morning, November 8, Hurley had sent a dispatch to the State Department concerning my disruptive presence: "Theodore White," wrote Hurley in his classified message, "... told me that he had just talked to Chairman Mao and Mao had told him that there was not any possible chance of an agreement between him and Chiang Kai-shek ... White's whole conversation was definitely against the mission with which I am charged."

That report would remain filed in the dossiers of American intelligence for years, and would return to plague my life many years later, when I was accused of being one of those who "lost China to the Reds."

Unintended Consequences

The big war was over, and China's civil war was being won by Mao's Communists. White was no longer with TIME—the result of a dispute with Time Inc. Editor-in-Chief Henry R. Luce over the magazine's policy toward Chiang—and he shifted his front-row seat to Europe. There the Marshall Plan was beginning to work wonders, and also to produce some surprises:

The Law of Unintended Consequences is what twists history's chronology into drama. Our treatment of England and Germany is a classic example of the Law's operation. After victory we began by seeking to punish the Germans for Hitler's savageries and to help the British for having defended freedom's way for all people. We ended, by the logic of the Marshall Plan and the Law of Unintended Consequences, in dismissing from greatness the British, our allies, and elevating the Germans, our enemies, to the status of Europe's senior power.

This historic reversal was not at all intended. Twice in one generation Germany had been our most violent enemy. Neither its military governor, General Lucius Clay, nor anyone else in the U.S. Army enjoyed asking the Congress for "Army" appropriations to feed or help Germans.

The result, thirty years later, is amusing to consider. I first stumbled on its roots in a conversation with one of Lucius Clay's economic experts in the Villa Hügel, the quintessential private Teutonic mansion of the Krupp family in Essen, all smelling of walnut oil and echoing of Wagner. The Villa Hügel was the command point and surveillance center for Allied occupation of the Ruhr. Clay's expert was quite simple. "Our policy," he said, "is

to make these bastards work their way back." The Germans should be forced to work, and work hard, he felt, to pay for the food, fiber and raw material that American humanitarians believed we must ship in via the Marshall Plan.

Other West European governments were democratic governments; as all modern elected governments must, they promised more—more good houses, more schools, more health insurance, more equality. The most democratic and responsible government in Europe was the British government; it promised its people most. The most autocratic government in Europe was West Germany—and its autocrat was the U.S. Army. England, France, Belgium, had governments that could vote on how many hours went into a working week, and what maternity benefits should be, and how many days or weeks of vacation people should have. In Germany, Lucius Clay and his advisers decided that Germans must work a 48-hour week, and work they did. The U.S. Army said the Germans must rebuild their factories, roads and bridges first, meanwhile, let them shiver in cellars, ruins and rags; no housing or clothing until they earned their way back.

It was years before I could fully measure the results of the Law of Unintended Consequences. When I first reported Europe, shortly after the war, the British standard of living was roughly three times that in refugee-crammed West Germany. Since then, somehow, England has gone its jovial way across its pleasant plateau of civility, but Germany has boomed. The average per capita income in victorious England had risen to \$3,871 thirty years later—while in defeated Germany it had reached \$7,336, and the gap was widening. Somehow, the severity with which the Americans policed Germany and directed the flow of aid proved more fruitful than the affection and support we gave the free government of the English people to do as they wished with our billions.

Nobody could have envisioned that what was being done in the reconstruction of Europe and Asia would result in the rise of Germany and Japan—and that 30 years later, our two former enemies would threaten, like giant pincer claws, America's industrial supremacy in the new trading world we had tried to open to all.

Ike Decides to Take the Plunge

In early 1952, the curtain had already risen on the U.S. presidential campaign, but the most talked of potential candidate was off in Europe, serving as Commander in Chief of the three-year-old North Atlantic Treaty Organization and refusing to commit himself. A very special luncheon in Paris finally convinced White that Dwight D. Eisenhower was going to run:

From the fall of 1951, we correspondents had begun to report the parade through Paris of movers-and-shakers trying to see Eisenhower. There was our old friend Paul Hoffman returning for a visit in 1952; there were Thomas E. Dewey and Herbert Brownell, purse-lipped; there was Harold Stassen, open to the press as always, hoping the headlines of his visit would amplify his importance. There was Henry Cabot Lodge, so sure of his own Massachusetts Senate seat (which he was to lose to John F. Kennedy that year) that he felt he could spend full time on the Eisenhower campaign. But none could come away with a flat-out quotable commitment from Dwight D. Eisenhower that his hat was in the ring.

Time wore on into the primary season, into his surprise New Hampshire victory, but Eisenhower's position was still obscure. Those of us who, as military correspondents, were accredited to his headquarters at Marly-le-Roi outside Paris were sternly instructed that anyone who brought up politics, or Eisenhower's candidacy, in the general's presence, would be forthwith escorted out of his presence. Bang. Finally, Ike yielded. He would accept the invitation of an inner group of correspondents for a private, off-the-record, all-sect lunch on politics at the home of Preston Grover of the Associated Press.

He came to our lunch of eight people two days after the March 18 Minnesota primary of 1952; and he was an Ei-

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VENEZUELAN INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS

THE SEVEN STAR AIRLINE OF VENEZUELA



senhower none of us had ever known: pink-cheeked as always, but bubbling, expansive, joyful. The Minnesota primary, just over, had been contested by both Taft and Stassen. Minnesota's favorite son, and Eisenhower, not listed on the ballot, on a *write-in vote*, had come in second to Stassen with 37.2% of the total to Stassen's 44.4% on the regular ballot. (Ike's one-time chief, Douglas MacArthur, it should be noted, won only 1 1/2 of 1% of the vote that day.) Following Eisenhower's New Hampshire victory a week earlier, it was a phenomenal showing, an earthquake. There could no longer be any dodging the reality that Ike was the leading Republican candidate for President of the U.S.

His good mood that day was too irrepressible to quench. He had Politicians' Euphoria, a condition I later came to recognize on election-night victories—that moment of vulnerability when candidates are at their loosest and most expansive. Ike held a drink in his hand, and I found myself in a corner encouraging his indiscretion. Baron Krupp had just been freed from Allied imprisonment; and two of us launched him on that subject. There was nothing we could do about Krupp now in 1952, said Ike; we had to let Krupp go free, but he didn't like it. If he had to do it over again, he would do it differently. Shoot all the war criminals you're going to shoot right away, then let the rest go free, said Ike. Like the Malmédy massacre of American GIs by



Nazi storm troopers. He felt we should have caught, convicted and shot the SS killers immediately after victory, all shooting after a war should be done within six months. He did not like the Nuremberg trials either. But the trials had been Roosevelt's idea. As he talked about Roosevelt, his own admiration and exasperation came through. He picked out Roosevelt's vast geographical knowledge as the President's most extraordinary quality, and then, with irritation,

spoke of the difficulty of pinning Roosevelt down to specifics; the stubbornness of Roosevelt, his own inability to get clear instruction from him. We finally sat down to lunch and Grover said flatly that since we were forbidden to talk politics at Ike's military headquarters, we were here to talk politics in his, Grover's, home. So—how about it?

At which Eisenhower took over, as if on cue.

What he wanted most, he said, was to keep the U.S. Army from being sucked into politics. It's bad for Americans to think of military figures in a political way; and now here he was, a general and a political figure. He made a rather impassioned speech about the vital separation of military from civilian in American life. He'd made the mistake, on Jan. 7, of stating he would never run for the presidency unless there was a "clear-cut call to political duty" from the American people, and he shouldn't have used that phrase. What was a clear call? he asked rhetorically. The New Hampshire primary? The Minnesota write-in?

He'd never sought the nomination, not once. Even in 1948, he went on, when the Democratic "big wigs" told him he could have their nomination on a platter if he wanted it, he'd said no. And all he'd done since was listen. Yet now he was a candidate in uniform, looking for the honorable thing to do.

He grasped his Eisenhower jacket by the lapels and tugged it. "I can't, I won't drag this uniform through politics. It's been all my life," he said. We must help him: what should he do?

We all knew what he was going to do; but now we had been conscripted as advisers to tell him how to do it. He had made us a council of his friends. Few sophisticated reporters today would let themselves be so trapped in confidence and thus barred from breaking a great story; but Eisenhower had more candid skill than any amateur on first run I have ever known.

It was a jovial lunch as we fell to at table. Grover, a bachelor, rarely gave his gifted cook an opportunity to prepare the hearty Burgundian meals in which she specialized, so now for the great General Eisenhower she had outdone herself. The wine went round and round, the pastries of ham-curls stuffed with goose liver piled up.

My notes reflect all the contradictions of impression of anyone who met Eisenhower only occasionally: the mixture of simplicity and astuteness; the beguilement he could cast over any conversation he wanted; the boy-scout sincerity; the shrewdness of manipulation; his understanding of the twisting corridors of government.

If he was going to run, he said—and by now it was so obvious he would that we were all practically marching into the White House with him—he must resign soon. But he couldn't lay down the NATO command overnight. He had to give Bob Lovett (Secretary of Defense) at least six weeks to find another man for the command. And he wanted to be home by May 15, if he was going to run his own campaign. But Truman had always been "decent and honest" with him. He could not challenge President Truman except openly. We found ourselves all agreeing with Ike's final thought, to write his resignation letter to Truman in a sealed envelope, but to send the envelope to Lovett for delivery, with Lovett being told what was in the envelope. And then leave it to both of them to decide how to announce that General of the Armies Dwight D. Eisenhower was leaving the U.S. Army to campaign for the presidency.

What I find most authentic today in the notes I typed after that lunch was the spontaneous sound of the Republican voice 25 years ago. Ike could have had the 1952 nomination. I now know, on the ticket of either party. But I find my notes picking up his theme—a theme which then sounded fresh to me, but now, on the larynxes of Republican orators, sounds as old-fashioned as a lament from the Prophets. Ike was closing the lunch with his credo.

"The people have the right to know what I stand for," Ike began. His ideas were clear: this business of centralism in government. There was too much of the bureaucracy, too much looking to Washington. He wanted to get the federal government organized so it did not wipe out the states and the municipalities and the communities. He didn't want to have people looking to Washington for everything. The problem was that the federal government was "taking so much money from everyone it left no resources for local government to run its educational apparatus. That was the problem."

This was the Eisenhower who, years later decided, as he had to, that federal troops must be flown into Little Rock, Arkansas, to force that community to comply with the decision of the Supreme Court. This was the man who set up the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and *did* begin the modern chapter of federal aid to education. But the incantation against the central government went on, and on, and on, to be voiced later by every Republican candidate and President for the quarter-century since.

As Ike rose at lunch's end, we all rose. We knew we had a candidate.

On the Seesaw: The 1960 Election

Back in the U.S. after 15 nomadic years, White watched the growing flow of power to Washington that Ike had condemned but could not, even as President, manage to stem. Not until the campaign for the 1960 presidential election was under way did White begin work on the series of books that was to bring him his greatest renown. The morning after Election Day, White waited in suspense at the Hyannis Armory on Cape Cod to see whether Illinois would give John F. Kennedy or Richard M. Nixon the title role in *The Making of the President, 1960*.

The vote kept seesawing: it was the first time I had read precincts with professional politicians, and these professional politicians understood the game. It was downstate (Republican) versus Cook County (Democratic), and the bosses, holding back totals from key precincts, were playing out their concealed cards as in a giant game of blackjack.

Special Section

There was nothing anyone could do in Hyannisport except hope that Boss Daley of Chicago could do it for them. Daley was a master at this kind of election-night blackjack game. So were the men I was with in the back room—all of them tense until the A.P. ticker chattered and reported something like this: "With all downstate precincts now reported in, and only Cook County precincts unreported, Richard Nixon has surged into the lead by 3,000 votes." I was dismayed, for if Nixon had really carried Illinois, the game was all but over. And at this point I was jabbed from dismay by the outburst of jubilation from young Dick Donahue, who yelped, "He's got them! Daley made them go first. He's still holding back... watch him play his hand now." I was baffled, they were elated. But they knew the counting game better than I, and as if in response to Donahue's yelp, the ticker, having stuttered along for several minutes with other results, announced: "With the last precincts of Cook County now in, Senator Kennedy has won a lead of 8,000 votes to carry Illinois's 27 electoral votes." Kennedy, I learned afterward, had been assured of the result several hours before. Later that evening, Kennedy told Benjamin Bradlee of an early call from Daley, when all seemed in doubt: "With a little bit of luck and the help of a few close friends," Daley had assured Kennedy before the A.P. had pushed out the count, "you're going to carry Illinois."



The President-designate appeared shortly thereafter in the Hyannisport in Republican Barnstable County, Cape Cod. Barnstable Township had voted its Protestant prejudice the previous day, preferring Nixon over Kennedy by 4,515 to 2,783. Kennedy strode up on the platform, puffy-eyed, but still handsome. He had insisted that his father now appear with him in public, and also his pregnant wife. The elegant and controlled John F. Kennedy had tears in his eyes.

He spoke briefly, gracefully, composed as the camera held on his face, but his hands below camouflaged as he tried to hold his papers. He stepped down from the platform and, suddenly, we all noticed that there was an elastic membrane of Secret Service men separating us from him. He spoke first as he descended to the old Massachusetts guard. He had special words of greeting for all within touch distance, for myself a taunting "O.K., Teddy, now you can go ahead and write that book of yours." And somewhere in that ten minutes he uttered a phrase that has scored itself on my memory.

It remains in my memory thus: "The margin is thin, but the responsibility is clear." The echo has returned to me on every election night in America, however thin or large the margin. Politics, in the U.S., beget power; and when the votes are counted, however thin the margin, the man who has that margin cannot escape the responsibility of power.

"Camelot, Sad Camelot"

A week had passed since that dreadful day in Dallas, and the nation was drained by its vigil of mourning before the TV screens. One thing remained to be done, and it was the widow of the assassinated John F. Kennedy who did it. She provided a fitting epitaph for his tragically foreshortened presidency.

The morning after Thanksgiving I was taken from the dentist's chair by a telephone call from my mother saying that Jackie Kennedy was calling and needed me. I came home immediately. Making a call back to Hyannisport, I found myself talking to Jacqueline Kennedy, who said she must talk with me—there was something that she wanted LIFE

magazine to say to the country, and I must do it. She would send a Secret Service car to bring me to Hyannisport. I called the Secret Service—and was curtly informed that Mrs. Kennedy was no longer the President's wife, and she could give them no orders for cars. They were crisp. I could rent no plane because a storm hovered over Cape Cod. At this point it became quite apparent that my mother, unused to this kind of excitement, was having a heart attack. If the widow of my friend needed me and my mother needed me—what should I do? My wife Nancy made that decision: our family doctor, Harold Rifkin, said he would come now, holiday weekend or not, and reside at my mother's bedside; but Nancy said that I must go to comfort the President's widow.

In a rented limousine, in a driving rainstorm, I made my way back to New England. The driver stopped now and then so I could telephone to find how my mother was doing, learn she was stable, and then finally I told the chauffeur to gun the car.

It was now quite late on Friday, November 29th, a week after the assassination. Once more I had asked LIFE magazine to hold its presses open as it had the week before. Without hesitation, the editors had agreed to my suggestion. They would hold until I found out what Jacqueline Kennedy wanted to say to the nation. But since it cost \$30,000 an hour overtime on Saturdays at the printing plants for me to hold up LIFE, they hoped I could let them know soon whether there was a story there. At that sum per hour, desperately worried about my mother, still unbalanced by the emotions of the assassination, I entered the Kennedy home in Hyannisport.

Jacqueline Kennedy had been trying to escape for days. No single human being had endured more public attention, more of the camera watching, the microphones intruding, the tears caught glistening, the children's hands curling in her own, than she had in the telecasts of the assassination and the ceremonies. She had performed flawlessly, superbly. I know now she wanted to cry, and she could not. She had fled from Washington to Hyannisport, to be away from it all. But still with her, in the room when I entered, were several good-willed comforters. She did not want anyone there when she talked to me. So they left. I sat down on a small sofa, looked at her, the journalistic imperative forcing reportage almost automatically into my notes: "... composure... beautiful... dressed in black trim slacks, beige pullover sweater... eyes wider than pools... calm voice..." She was without tears, drained, white of face.

She had asked me to Hyannisport, she said, because she wanted me to make certain that Jack was not forgotten in history. The thought that it was up to me to make American history remember John F. Kennedy was so unanticipated that my pencil stuttered over the notes. But there was so much that this woman—who regarded me as one of Kennedy's "scholar" friends rather than an "Irish" or "swinging" friend—wanted to say that if indeed I was a friend I still feel myself to be my first duty was to let this sad, wan lady talk out her grief. And let LIFE's presses wait.

What bothered her was history. She wanted me to rescue Jack from all the "bitter people" who were going to write about him in history. She did not want Jack left to the historians.

There poured out several streams of thought that mingled for hours. Jacqueline Kennedy, that night, talked first of her personal anguish, then of what she thought history might have to say of her husband, and then wandered from his childhood to Dallas, trying always to make clear to me that I should make clear to the people how much magic there had been in John F. Kennedy's time. She thought her husband was truly a man of magic, which is a lovely thought in any wife.

We talked for a few moments aimlessly and then the scene took over, as if controlling her.

There'd been the biggest motorcade from the airport. Hot Wild Like Mexico and Vienna. The sun was so strong in our faces I couldn't put on sunglasses... Then we saw this tunnel ahead. I thought it would be cool in the tunnel, I thought if you were on the left the sun wouldn't get into your eyes.

They were gunning the motorcycles. There were these lit-

tle backfires. There was one noise like that. I thought it was a backfire. Then next I saw Connally grabbing his arms and saying no, no, no, no, with his fist beating. Then Jack turned and I turned. All I remember was a blue-gray building ahead. Then Jack turned back so neatly, his last expression was so neat... you know that wonderful expression he had when they'd ask him a question about one of the ten million pieces they have in a rocket, just before he'd answer. He looked puzzled, then he slumped forward. He was holding out his hand... I could see a piece of his skull coming off. It was flesh-colored, not white—he was holding out his hand... I can see this perfectly clean piece detaching itself from his head. Then he slumped in my lap, his blood and his brains were in my lap... Then Clint Hill [the Secret Service man], he loved us, he made my life so easy, he was the first man in the car... We all lay down in the car... And I kept saying, Jack, Jack, Jack, and someone was yelling he's dead, he's dead. All the ride to the hospital I kept bending over him, saying Jack, Jack, can you hear me, I love you, Jack."

She remembered, as I sat paralyzed, the pink-rose ridges on the inside of the skull, and how from here on down (she made a gesture just above her forehead) "his head was so beautiful. I tried to hold the top of his head down, maybe I could keep it in... but I knew he was dead." It was all told fearlessly, her wide eyes not even seeing me, a recitative to herself.

Then she described how, when they came to the hospital, they tried to keep her from him, "these big Texas interns kept saying, Mrs. Kennedy, you come with us, they wanted to take me away from him... But I said I'm not leaving... Dave Powers came running to me at the hospital, crying when he saw me, my legs, my hands were covered with his brains... When Dave saw this he burst out weeping... I said I'm not going to leave him. I'm not going to leave him... I was standing outside in this narrow corridor... ten minutes later this big policeman brought me a chair."

Rear Admiral George G. Burkley, U.S. Navy, personal physician to the President, brought her into the operating room, insisting "it's her prerogative, it's her prerogative." Doctor Malcolm Perry, the operating surgeon, wanted her out. But she said, "It's my husband, his blood, his brains are all over me."

Then it was over... There was a sheet over Jack, his foot was sticking out of the sheet, whiter than the sheet. His mouth was so beautiful... his eyes were open. They found his hand under the sheet, and I held his hand all the time the priest was saying extreme unction. Her gloves had stiffened with his blood and she gave one of her hands to "this policeman," and he pulled the glove off. Then... the ring was all blood-stained... so I put the ring on Jack's finger... and then I kissed his hand.

Interspersed with the memories, spoken with the particular whispering intimacy of Jacqueline Kennedy's voice, was constantly this effort to make the statement she had asked me to come and hear. Her message was quite simple.

She believed, and John F. Kennedy shared the belief, that history belongs to heroes, and heroes must not be forgotten. We talked from 8:30 until almost midnight, and it was only after she had rid herself of the blood scene that she tracked clearly what she wanted to say.

But there's this one thing I wanted to say... I'm so ashamed of myself... When Jack quoted something, it was usually classical... no, don't protect me now... I kept saying to Bobby, I've got to talk to somebody. I've got to see somebody. I want to say this one thing, it's been almost an obsession with me, all I keep thinking of is this line from a musical comedy, it's been an obsession with me.

At night before we'd go to sleep... we had an old Victrola. Jack liked to play some records. His back hurt, the floor was so cold. I'd get out of bed at night and play it for him, when it was so cold getting out of bed... on a Victrola ten years old—and the song he loved most came at the very end of this record, the last side of *Camelot*, said *Camelot*. "Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot."

There'll never be another Camelot again
"Do you know what I think of history? For a while I



thought history was something that bitter old men wrote. But Jack loved history so... No one'll ever know everything about Jack. But... history made Jack what he was... this lonely, little sick boy... scarlet fever... this little boy sick so much of the time, reading in bed, reading history... reading the Knights of the Round Table... and he just liked that last song.

"Then I thought, for Jack history was full of heroes. And if it made him this way, if it made him see the heroes, maybe other little boys will see. Men are such a combination of good and

bad... He was such a simple man. But he was so complex, too. Jack had this hero idea of history, the idealistic view, but then he had that other side, the pragmatic side. His friends were his old friends: he loved his Irish Mafia.

"History!"—and now she reverted to the assassination scene again, as she did all through the conversation. "... Everybody kept saying to me to put a cold towel around my head and wipe the blood off [she was now recollecting the scene and picture of the swearing in of Lyndon Johnson on Air Force One at Love Field, as the dead President lay aft]... I saw myself in the mirror, my whole face spattered with blood and hair. I wiped it off with Kleenex. History! I thought, no one really wants me there. Then one second later I thought, why did I wash the blood off? I should have left it there, let them see what they've done. If I'd just had the blood and caked hair when they took the picture... Then later I said to Bobby—what's the line between history and drama?"

At some point she had said to me, "Caroline asked me, what kind of prayer should I say? And I told her, 'Either please, God, take care of Daddy, or please, God, be nice to Daddy.' What Jacqueline Kennedy was saying to me now was please, History, be kind to John F. Kennedy, don't leave him to the bitter old men to write about."

Out of all this, then, I tried to write the story. I typed in haste and inner turmoil in a servant's room, and in 45 minutes brought out the story.

At 2 a.m. I was dictating the story from the Kennedy kitchen to two of my favorite editors, Ralph Graves and David Maness, who, as good editors, despite a ballooning overtime printing bill, were nonetheless trying to edit and change phrases as I dictated. Maness observed that maybe I had too much of "Camelot" in the dispatch. Mrs. Kennedy had come in at that moment; she overheard the editor trying to edit me, who had already so heavily edited her. She shook her head. She wanted Camelot to top the story. Camelot, heroes, fairy tales, legends were what history was all about. Maness caught the tone in my reply as I insisted this had to be done as Camelot. He let the story run.

So the epitaph on the Kennedy Administration became Camelot—a magic moment in American history. Which, of course, is a misreading of history. The magic Camelot of John F. Kennedy never existed. The knights of his round table were able, tough, ambitious men, capable of kindness, also capable of error. Of them all, Kennedy was the toughest, the most intelligent, the most attractive—and inside, the least romantic. He was a realistic dealer in men, a master of games who understood the importance of ideas. He advanced the cause of America, at home and abroad. But he also posed for the first time the great question of the '60s and '70s. What kind of people are we Americans? What do we want to become?

For 25 years, I had been fascinated by the relationship of the Leader to Power, of the State to Force, of the Concept to Politics—and most recently of the Hero to his Circumstances. I would never again, after Kennedy, see any man as a hero.

Sport

The Ultimate Kick

Argentina and Holland clash for soccer's World Cup

It was the largest, if not indisputably the greatest, sporting event in the world. Two years ago 104 national teams, with the best talent each home country could assemble and train, began to play elimination rounds all over the globe. This month the 14 survivors and the West German team, the defending champions, moved to Argentina to join the host country in an exhausting series of round-robin matches for the World Cup, which is held every four years to decide who rules soccer. The play was only fitfully brilliant, and it produced no wonder team, no commanding individual star of the magnitude of Holland's Johan Cruyff and Germany's Franz Beckenbauer in 1974. But when all but two of the national teams had limped off to apply diathermy and beer to their wounds, anyone not given to xenophobic sulking could agree that justice had been done. The teams that had been eliminated, for the most part, had not deserved to win, and the two sides that faced each other in Sunday's final deserved every cheer they heard.

One finalist, much to its own surprise, was Holland, an erratic but courageous crew much faded from its splendor of 1974, when the Dutch lit up the World Cup before losing valiantly, 2-1, to the Germans in the final at Munich. The other was, and had to be, the wonderfully likable Argentine team, absent-minded on defense (as the Dutch themselves were), rough and rowdy at both ends of the field and a raging if sometimes patternless force on offense.

Each finalist faced its own certain victory (no other prospect being thinkable) in its own way. Holland, where the Argentine military regime is much despised for its violations of human rights, declined to send any officials to watch the final, though the Dutch ambassador, who had been criticized severely in his parliament for speaking up mildly for the Argentines, was to be a spectator. The Argentines, a wounded nation recovering from an undeclared civil war of hideous brutality between extreme left and extreme right, needed a celebration, and had turned the World Cup into one with a joyousness that went far beyond even the fanatical emotional overload customarily expected of soccer.

An unofficial holiday declared itself after the Argentines qualified for the final, and in fact horn honking, paper throwing and impromptu parades through the streets had gone on more or less constant-



Blizzard of torn paper thrown by jubilant Argentines

A marvelous excuse to hold a fiesta

ly for most of the month. The ecstasy had reached heights of unexpected loftiness—soccer is a workingman's game, not an intellectual's austere passion. At the beginning of the World Cup uproar, the revered and renowned Argentine Author Jorge Luis Borges, 78, had announced irritably that he was going to leave Buenos Aires until the nonsense was finished. He stayed, and toward the end was telling friends that it would be terrible, utterly unacceptable, if Argentina did not win.

The regime and the people invested an enormous amount of pride in the preparations for the huge and complicated tournament (games were played at two sites in Buenos Aires and in four provincial cities). Somewhat to the surprise of some European journalists, who came expecting blood in the streets and confusion and incompetence in the arrangements, the great soccer carnival was run with efficiency, and the prevailing mood was one of warm hospitality. A foreigner walking through the swarming center of

Buenos Aires was in danger of being danced with, and no visitor could escape being asked by young schoolgirls or dignified businessmen to predict Argentina's victory in the final.

Because of the complexities of the round-robin play, the Dutch needed a tie with Italy to get a chance at the title. Italy needed a win to go on to the final. The game mucked about inconclusively until, after 18 minutes, a tall and gawky defender named Erny Brandts tried to thwart an attack by lashing savagely at the ball in front of his own goal. He knocked it into the netting and in the bargain crippled his teammate, Goalie Pieter Schrijvers, who was carried off on a stretcher. The score was now Italy one goal up, and Holland, one goalie down. That might have decided things; Italy is the kind of team that can hang on to a one-goal advantage till the next ice age. But in the second half Holland moved its star, Johan Neeskens, up from his defensive positions and threw everything into the attack. The deadly Brandts, a one-man soccer game, struck again, this time in the right direction. The score was 1-1 and the Dutch added another booming goal before the end.

Forty-five minutes later, the sturdy Argentines, famed for their aggression on the field as well as their fearsome behavior in the stands, took the field against Peru, a team of elderly stylists. The peculiar system of the rankings dictated that Argentina needed to win by four goals to advance to the final. Otherwise a disappointing Brazilian team would have faced the Dutch. The Argentines won 6-0, a result hard to obtain in soccer even if both teams are kicking in the same direction.

When it was all over, the people wearing ranch mink coats and silk suits got up from reserved seats and left the stadium. But the fans wearing sneakers and jeans and old ski jackets stayed in their standing-room sheep pens and refused to move. For the better part of an hour after the game, they remained where they were, bouncing rhythmically up and down, throwing whatever bits of paper they had forgotten to throw earlier, waving thousands of blue-and-white national flags and roaring, "Ar-gen-ti-na! Ar-gen-ti-na!" To mark the occasion, antigovernment terrorists known as the Montoneros strewed pamphlets about Buenos Aires, praising the team but deploring the nation's rulers, and bombed the house of the Treasury Secretary.

The next day interest began to build in the final as a soccer game, and not simply as the termination of a huge fiesta. Tickets had been sold out for weeks, naturally, and scalpers were selling seats



Holland's goal against Italy that put the "clockwork orange" in the finals

for \$300 or more. Movie theaters where closed-circuit color broadcasts would be offered were mobbed. What the world could expect to see—and had seen far too little of in this World Cup—was the collision of two rough, occasionally brilliant young teams that had played hesitant soccer in the early rounds but at the end had committed themselves to attack.

The outburst of rambunctious, aggressive soccer by the Dutch and the Argentines on the World Cup's 21st day, the last of the eliminations, came just in time to save the tournament from putting a quarter of the world's population into a state of narcolepsy. FIFA, the august and powerful Federation Internationale de Football Association, has almost as many member countries as the United Nations (146 to 149) and probably more active communicants than any religion. Its officials claim that well over a billion people watched, in person or on TV, some part of the month-long World Cup, the eleventh such international competition the first was held in Uruguay in 1930. 13 nations participated, and Uruguay won. Leaving aside the Chinese (who did not ante up for the TV rights), sucking infants and most women—soccer is almost exclusively a male delirium—this means that virtually every man and boy in Europe and South America, and very large numbers of them in North America, Af-

rica and Asia, and in all the ships at sea, caught some part of the action. In the U.S., where soccer is a late-bloomer passing rapidly from robust infancy to sprouting adolescence, more than 1 million watched on closed-circuit TV.

The intense interest in the series did not mean, however, that the heavens FIFA commands were without clouds. Much of the time the soccer was crabbed, cautious and defensive until Erny Brandts did his walkabout and the Argentines went wild. A meeting of the College of Cardinals produces far more pugnacity than was seen in the early-round matches.

The nature of the round-robin tournament often made it sensible for a team to play for a tie against any opponent that seemed dangerous, and to play for a win—thus committing defensive forces and risking a loss—only against the worst teams. In the typical game, each team fortified its own goal so thoroughly that only thinly manned patrols could be sent forward, and their efforts seemed more reconnaissance than aggression. If the opposing defense dozed off in a body, a goal might be scored, since the individual attackers were superbly skilled, but the likely game result was a strategic draw of 0-0.

Dreary possibilities lurked everywhere in World Cup statistics before the two finalists emerged. One was that Bra-



Arand Haan celebrating his winning shot
Breaking out of the fortress at last.

zil's team, a cinder of its old self, could reach the final by playing its third scoreless tie in six games, and by scoring only five goals and winning only two games in the entire tournament. During the enchanted years of the great Pele, Brazil won the World Cup three times—1958, 1962 and 1970—but the marvelous flair for which it was legendary has been dampened by age and a disciplinarian coach, Claudio Coutinho, who admires the rough and rigidly patterned European style of soccer. The samba drums lugged to Argentina by Brazilian true believers never really caught the rhythm, and Pele himself, at 37 too old to play championship soccer, and too recently the best player in the world to resign himself to his job as a TV commentator, said miserably during the qualifying round that "Brazil, my beloved Brazil, has only given us reason to cry." He cried too soon, and back in Brazil a despairing construction worker and soccer fan named Julio Gondim poured sleeping pills into a bottle of rum and committed suicide too soon. His team did not drop out of the running

Sport

until the last day of the elimination.

Ironies abounded. Holland was respected, even though lacking the attacking power of Striker Johan Cruyff, who, now aged 31 and rich beyond reason, refused to bother with this World Cup. Still, the Dutch team at first was clearly not the "clockwork orange" of the 1974 tournament (orange because of its uniforms and clockwork because everything it tried worked that way until the final against West Germany). It was a Dutch concept of "total football"—no stratagem at all but a blazing and relentless rush of soccer in which every team member played both attack and defense—that had dazzled the '74 tournament and given hope to soccer

the defense and scored the game's only goal. It did not matter. The joyous uproar continued, out of the ballpark and into the night. For hours, the capital city's *Avenida Corrientes* reverberated with sound. Rhythmic horn honking blared from miles of jammed-up and flatulating cars and trucks, inside of and on top of which roosted thousands of happy Argentines, waving their white-and-blue flags and shouting. From apartment houses on the side streets others surged to join the mob, hands reached down from trucks to pull them aboard. The primal baying rose in volume: "Ar-gen-ti-na!" The noise stopped some time on the decent side of 6 a.m.

seized upon the World Cup as a means of taking the Argentines' minds off their many troubles. And never mind the \$700 million officially (and conservatively) estimated cost of building or renovating six stadiums and several airports, and of constructing the color television broadcasting system necessary to pipe the World Cup to the world.

FIFA's insistence on color is understandable. *El Mundial*—"The Global," as this competition was called—really is a world cup. A young Italian electrician working in South Africa saw the '74 Cup final on television, resolved to see the next final in person, and last week, well pleased with his bargain, had spent



Argentines rejoicing in the streets after beating Peru

Bursts of brilliance in a simple and beautiful game that stirs fierce emotions and makes men national heroes—or goats.



Star Forward Leopoldo Luque, his team's main hope against Holland

theorists that the days of the clogged, cupping defense that had slowed down soccer in the '60s might be over. But in 1978, even the Dutch at times reverted to fortress tactics. Missing was the best of this simple and beautiful game—the artistry of magnificent athletes moving the ball forward on the attack.

None of these ponderous matters bothered the Argentines in the least. In the big three-tiered River Plate Stadium in Buenos Aires, at the outset of a first-round game between Argentina and Italy, the Argentine fans filled the floodlit night sky with a spectacular storm of turn-up paper. The shock waves set off by their cheering were perceptible as much by the skin of the face and the soles of the feet as by the ears. Italy won when the elusive Roberto Bettega slipped away from

It had been a long time since the Argentines had had anything to honk and wave flags about, and if they could not cheer a win, they would cheer a loss or a kiss-your-sister draw. For one thing, Argentina's inflation rate during the past year has been a staggering 170%—highest in the world. More important, the Argentines have survived—most of them—a decade in which the disastrous Juan Perón returned from 18 years in exile to spread economic and political chaos. It has been a time in which the left-wing Montoneros murdered, kidnaped, tortured and spread terror at will, and in which the present military junta of President Jorge Rafael Videla has savaged the Montoneros and the more reasonable left as well by murdering, kidnaping, torturing and spreading terror.

Long before the games began, Videla

four years of savings on a month of soccer. It is a safe bet that some fans somewhere watching Sunday's game were making the same daft but splendid decision. And it is an even safer bet that kids everywhere, especially in the soccer-hungry U.S., already are practicing Bettega's graceful, evasive running, Dutch star Arand Haan's booming shot and the reckless headers of Argentina's Leopoldo Luque.

That, after all, is what is important. Soccer is not for theorists, or for FIFA, or for military juntas seeking wistfully to appear respectable. It is not for journalists, certainly, and perhaps it is not even for wondrously skilled professional players. Soccer's lovely simplicity started with children—a ball, a patch of ground, a few kids—and that is where its center remains.

—John Skow

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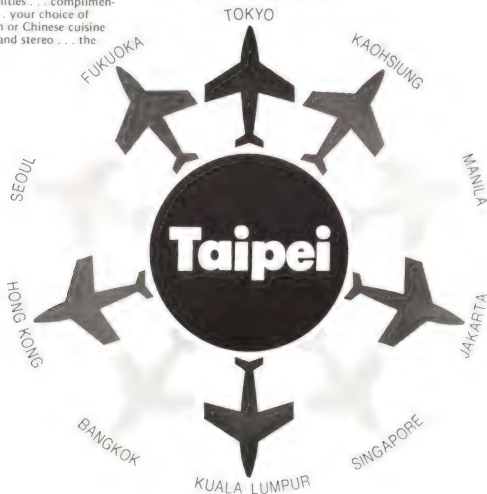
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Science

An Uncrackable Code?

The snoops may finally have met their match

Almost as soon as humans learned to write, they were devising ways to keep their messages secret. The Old Testament tells how the Prophet Jeremiah used a code word for Babylon. Julius Caesar often encrypted his messages by substituting letters three places farther on in the alphabet, i.e. D replaces A; E replaces B. But no matter how clever they may have been, the codes of antiquity—or of more recent times—rarely withstood the efforts of skilled code breakers. Mary Queen of Scots was ordered beheaded after Queen Elizabeth's chief spy intercepted and decoded Mary's letters, which re-

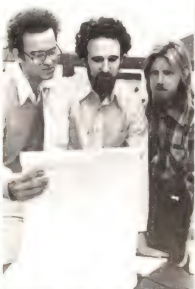
Mathematics Columnist Martin Gardner: "The breakthrough bids fair to revolutionize the entire field of secret communication."

For years governments and military commands have been sending secret messages by so-called onetime pads. These involve the use of keys—the instructions for encoding and decoding a message—made up of long lists of randomly picked numbers that determine the letters to be used as substitutes. Thus if the numbers were 7 and 11, the word "GO" might be encoded as "MY" (G + 6 more letters, O + 10 more letters). After each transmission, the key is changed, so that even if one message becomes available in decoded form, it will not help unravel the next coded communication. Nonetheless, onetime pads have shortcomings. Since both sender and receiver require the same key, it must be sent out beforehand, exposing it to interception. The system is also cumbersome. Because military and diplomatic messages nowadays involve hundreds and even thousands of words, and each message requires a separate key, devising and distributing the different keys can be agonizingly difficult.

Stanford's Whitfield Diffie and Martin Hellman, together with Graduate Student Ralph Merkle, overcame this fundamental obstacle with a dazzlingly simple yet ingenious scheme: they proposed the use of two separate but mathematically related keys—one for encoding a message, the other for decoding it. Thus if a group of intelligence agents or businessmen wanted to communicate secretly with one another, they would not have to send a new key prior to each message. On the contrary, the encrypting key could well be made public in a handbook like a telephone directory. In that way, someone who wanted to communicate with the group would simply look up the necessary key and use it to encode a message. Yet even if someone could intercept this transmission, he could not interpret it without access to the second, or decoding, key. Diffie compares this seemingly paradoxical system to a bank's night-deposit box: anyone can put money in, but only authorized employees can take it out.

Putting the Stanford idea into actual practice, a team of computer scientists at MIT led by Ronald Rivest has devised a novel approach. It involves what mathematicians call prime numbers—numbers (e.g., 2, 3, 5, 7, 11, *ad infinitum*) that can be divided evenly only by themselves or by 1. Under the MIT scheme, each public, or encoding, key is based on the product of two large prime numbers—that is,

the result of multiplying these numbers by each other. This result may be a figure several hundred digits long. The private, or decoding, key, on the other hand, is derived from the original prime numbers. To use a simple example, if the encoding key were 323, the decoding key would have to be 17, 19 (since $17 \times 19 = 323$). If a code breaker wanted to decipher the secret message, he would first have to factor the product—in other words, extract the original two prime numbers that are the source of the decoding key. But even in the computer age, factoring, which can involve trying out seemingly endless combinations of numbers, is an extremely time-consuming process. While it may be easy to factor a low number like 323, Rivest calculates that if the product were, say, 200 digits long, it would take even the fastest and most

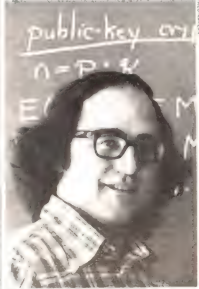


Stanford's Merkle, Hellman and Diffie

Easy to deposit but difficult to withdraw.

vealed that she was plotting against Elizabeth. In World War II, the U.S. victory in the Pacific and the defeat of the Third Reich were partly due to the cracking of Axis military codes.

In today's world, the integrity of secret messages can be crucial not only to national security but to commercial and industrial operations as well. Yet as society becomes increasingly reliant on electronically relayed communications—and more sophisticated new gadgetry is developed to intercept them—it is becoming harder than ever to keep a transmitted secret. But now the code breakers may finally have met their match. As a result of recent work by Stanford University scientists, ciphers that are for all practical purposes unbreakable can be produced easily. Says *Scientific American*



M.I.T.'s Rivest explaining his coding scheme

The secret lies in factoring.

powerful computers millions of centuries to factor it. Unless some mathematical whiz devised a new high-speed factoring technique, the code would, in effect, be uncrackable.

Keenly aware of the urgent need for better coding techniques, the National Bureau of Standards recently approved its own IBM-designed standard encoding system. It uses more traditional coding techniques rather than the dual-key Stanford system, and could be used to encipher nonclassified electronic data, like the flow of Federal Reserve funds. In fact, appropriately programmed "chips," or microcircuits, could be built directly into computers so that all messages would be automatically encoded and decoded at the terminals. Still, the Government clearly does not want to go too far. Only recent-

Science

by the National Security Agency, the U.S.'s chief cryptographic arm, tried briefly to keep a University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee scientist from patenting a new coding device. It also apparently exerted behind-the-scenes pressure to make the IBM system less secure than it might have been. It fixed the length of the key at 56 bits of computer information rather than, say, 128, which would have been far more difficult to decipher. In both cases, NSA appears to have acted out of the same motive: sensitive to its intelligence responsibilities, it does not want either foreign governments or private groups to learn codes that it cannot break.

Adrift in Orbit

A cosmonaut is nearly lost

In the sci-fi epic 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, a space-walking astronaut is separated from his ship and sent hurtling off to his death in space by an intelligent but deranged computer. Last week, in spite of Russian efforts to keep the incident quiet, Western sources reported that a Soviet cosmonaut narrowly avoided a similar fate in February. The near mishap apparently resulted from an unauthorized space walk by Cosmonaut Yuri Romanenko, 33, during last spring's record-breaking 96-day orbital flight aboard the Salyut 6 space station.

Only Cosmonaut Georgi Grechko, 46, had been slated to make a space walk; Romanenko was to remain behind at Salyut's open hatch. Both were wearing a new type of space suit equipped with a radio and an hour's supply of oxygen. Thus when cosmonauts are working outside an orbiting spacecraft, they require no umbilical link to the mother ship other than a



Cosmonauts Romanenko (right) and Grechko. He nearly reached the end of his tether.

simple tether to keep them from drifting off. Everything was going smoothly during Grechko's extraterrestrial stroll until Salyut passed over the western Pacific Ocean—out of range of Soviet ground stations. Suddenly, Romanenko, who was not tethered, jumped out of the hatch.

Why Romanenko took this daring plunge remains unknown. "Perhaps he got 'space rapture' or something," speculates a U.S. space official. In any case, Grechko reacted quickly. Making his way hand over hand along Salyut's rail, he managed to grab the end of Romanenko's safety line just in time. By then his comrade had floated about four meters (13 ft.) from Salyut. A few seconds later, Romanenko would have been beyond reach of his comrade's helping hand, drifting hopelessly in space.

Skeptics' Prize

Honors for doubting Thomases

Late into the night, veteran Associated Press Science Writer Rennie Taylor discussed the question with his friend, A.P. Science Editor Alton Blakeslee. To whom—or what—should Taylor bequeath his estate? That night the American Tentative Society was conceived. Its goal: to encourage independent scientific thinking. Why "tentative"? Because, as Society President Blakeslee explains, "all ideas should be regarded as tentative. Otherwise we become prisoners of yesterday, stuck with dogmas."

Last week, some 15 years later, the society took its first big step toward encouraging its iconoclastic objective. Dipping into the \$300,000 left to it by Taylor, who died in 1973, the society honored six scientists with its first \$2,500 awards. All are original thinkers whose doubting-Thomas attitude led to revolutionary developments in their fields.

Jocelyn Bell Burnell, who as an astronomy student at Cambridge University in 1967 noticed the precisely timed signals from what were later identified as pulsars.

Astronomer Frank Drake, who in 1960 with Project Ozma began the first serious quest for extraterrestrial intelligent life.

Edwin Land, the self-taught genius who invented instant photography.

Norman Shurway, Stanford heart-transplant pioneer, and his colleague, Immunologist Rose Payne, who kept the new hearts from being rejected.

J. Tuzo Wilson, the Canadian geophysicist who championed continental drift and plate tectonics long before many of his conservative colleagues would even consider these theories.

Milestones

BORN. To Lynda Bird Johnson Robb, 34, daughter of President Lyndon Johnson, and Charles S. Robb, 39, Virginia's Lieutenant Governor: their third child, their third daughter; in Fairfax, Va. Name: Jennifer

DIED. Ahmed Hussein al-Ghashmi, 37, President of the Yemen Arab Republic (Northern Yemen), by assassination, in Sana. As an envoy from the neighboring Yemen People's Democratic Republic (Southern Yemen) opened his briefcase to deliver a message to Ghashmi from President Saeed Rubayi Ali, a bomb exploded, killing both Ghashmi and the envoy. The commander of Northern Yemen's army, Ghashmi had been President for only two months and had survived at least one attempt on his life. He succeeded Ibrahim al-Hamadi, who died eight months ago at 41 when assassins machine-gunned his car. In neither murder has an assailant been caught or a motive discovered.

DIED. Jens Otto Krag, 63, twice Prime Minister of Denmark, whose personal crusade for European unity culminated in his country's vote to join the European Community in 1972: of a heart attack; in Jutland, Denmark. An economist and a Social Democrat, Krag became a Cabinet minister at 33, Prime Minister at 47. After Danes voted to join the Common Market, he shocked them by abruptly resigning. Said he: "The time I have used talking to newsmen I will now use for reading."

DIED. Sir Dingle Foot, 72, British parliamentarian, globetrotting barrister and member of a remarkable political family: after choking on a sandwich; in Hong Kong, where he was on legal business. The son of a Liberal statesman, Dingle became an M.P. at 26. He swung to the Labor bench in 1956 and served as Prime Minister Harold Wilson's Solicitor General. When his younger brothers Hugh and Michael also became prominent in govern-

ment, Tory critics joked that they were the country's "three Left feet."

DIED. Luther W. Youngdahl, 82, unflappable federal judge who in three famous rulings bucked the Government's anti-Communist zeal of the 1950s; of cancer, in Washington, D.C. Youngdahl, a deeply religious son of Swedish immigrants, was appointed to the bench in 1951 after five years as a racket-busting Republican Governor of Minnesota. In 1952 he drew a Government perjury case against Asia Expert Owen Lattimore, whom Senator Joseph R. McCarthy called "the top Soviet espionage agent in the United States." Youngdahl threw out several Government indictments against Lattimore, refused to withdraw from the case when a U.S. Attorney accused him of prejudice. Seethed Youngdahl: "Under my oath to preserve sacred constitutional principles, I can properly do no less than to strike the [Government] affidavit as scandalous."

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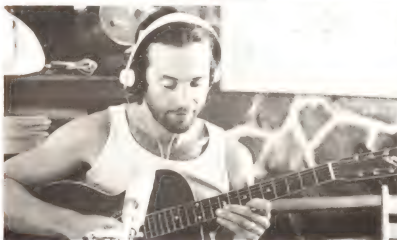
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Music



Melodies straight from the shade: Ry Cooder recording in Hawaii

Sweet Airs

Sounds of early jazz

It should be no surprise that Ry Cooder has come out with one of the year's best records. His easygoing but absolute guitar virtuosity, his witty, always respectful musical curiosity, has established him as a maverick who has set up shop somewhere along the border of pop and folk. No mainstreams for Cooder. He is forever taking off on side trips, turning down dusty country paths to retrieve some old bit of blues or roadhouse folk, sailing off to Hawaii and plucking some sweet melody straight out of the shade.

Even Cooder's fans may be caught off guard by the direction of *Jazz*, an unexpected anthology of tunes from Jelly Roll Morton, Bix Beiderbecke, even the great Bahamian guitarist Joseph Spence. As the surprise wears off, though, and the rhythms become less remote, they will hear some of the loveliest, liveliest music in the air. Cooder, with band, gospel quartet and full orchestra, last week performed virtually the entire album at Carnegie Hall.

Because Cooder goes to strange sources, there is a tendency to think of his records as so many vinyl museums run by a slightly eccentric curator. The crucial point, however, is that Cooder's albums are filled not only with respect for the American musical past but also with an immediate and highly infectious joy. The songs on *Jazz* may be old, but Cooder really blows the dust off them.

The album is a fine bit of syncretized genealogy, running past the sophisticated musical abstractions of Beiderbecke (*Flashes, In a Mist*) into the knife-edge humor of a minstrel-show song like *No-body* and the surprising sleight-of-hand pride in a "coon song" like *Shine*. The music passes right through Jelly Roll

Morton back to the roots: Caribbean-inflected jazz and gospel music orchestrated for a string and brass band format. These are just the sounds that the first New Orleans jazzmen might have heard when they picked up their instruments.

Cooder is assisted throughout by contributions of some exemplary sidemen, ranging from the alto sax of Harvey Pittel and the impeccable piano of Earl Hines to the mellow, foursquare harmonies of Bill Johnson, once lead singer of the Golden Gate Quartet, perhaps the greatest of all gospel groups. Cooder was going for what he calls "the power, the fleetness" of the old music. He got it fine. Listening to *Jazz* is a sensual, tonic experience in collective musical memory, a little like having a long closed door in your house blown open by a cool, gentle summer wind.

— Jay Cocks

Cartier of the Keyboards

Bösendorfer turns 150

Franz Liszt, so the story goes, was having grave problems. Early 19th-century pianos—not much sturdier than the delicate harpsichord—were collapsing, with great snapping of strings, beneath his monumental assault. Why not, some Viennese friends suggested, try a new piano called the Bösendorfer? The instrument, first made in 1828 by an Austrian artisan named Ignaz Bösendorfer, stood up to Liszt's crashing octaves, and the composer delightedly gave it his official endorsement. This month the venerable piano company celebrated its 150th anniversary with a series of piano recitals and a gala concert at the Musikverein hall in Vienna.

Bösendorfer, which employs 135 craftsmen at its factory in Wiener Neustadt and 100 more in the finishing plant

in Vienna, is the Cartier of keyboard makers. With European Steinways made in Hamburg, and Bechstein, another grand old veteran, based in Berlin, the Bösendorfer is part of a tiny musical elite: what aficionados consider the triumvirate of pianistic excellence. But in price and—some think—even tone, Bösendorfer has the edge. Its 9-ft 6-in. grand costs \$38,000 (Steinway's largest U.S. model, 8 ft 11", in., costs \$17,220), and its smallest piano, 5 ft 8 in., goes for \$16,500 (\$8,240 for a comparable U.S. Steinway).

Lumber for the Bösendorfer is seasoned outdoors for three or four years before being used; and each handcrafted mechanism takes over a year to complete. The keys are ivory, a nearly extinct luxury; the bushings—the tiny linings of the piano's moving parts—are still made of felt (Steinway, by contrast, has switched to Teflon bushings, which require much less time to insert and glue, but can squeak).

Over the years, Bösendorfer has custom-built magnificent pianos for the Empress Eugénie, wife of Napoleon III, and for the czar of Russia. Bösendorfers have been owned by such masters as Anton Rubinstein, Gustav Mahler, Ignace Paderewski and more recently by Bela Bartok and Frank Sinatra. After World War II, however, production fell from its peak in 1913 to around 100 pianos a year. For one thing, the factory, once Bösendorfer a monastery, needed modernizing. For another, hauteurs sometimes precluded sales; one director was said to have dismissed a customer by saying that he was "not a good enough pianist to own a Bösendorfer."

In 1966, Kimball—an American company that makes moderately priced pianos and has 25% of the U.S. piano market—purchased Bösendorfer. "People were afraid that we would make the Kimball-Bösendorfer, some plastic monstrosity," says Vice President Anthony Habig. "But now a lot of them admit that they can get a finer instrument than before."

With production up over 600 pianos a year, Bösendorfer now plans to shed its aristocratic reserve and compete with Steinway for the U.S. concert business. It will make Bösendorfers available across the country for performances by traveling artists. Pianist Garrick Ohlsson has already gone over. But the odds are still with the Steinway: 95% of American concert pianists endorse it. Too bad Liszt is not around to judge the competition. ■



Bösendorfer

Economy & Business

Bad News from Big Labor

Carter's anti-inflation tactics stir grumblings by union chiefs

In fighting inflation, everybody has to do his share. Government must curb spending, companies must hold down prices, unions must settle for smaller pay increases. That, in brief, is Jimmy Carter's three-sided strategy. For the past two months, the White House has been lecturing Congress on spending and badgering business to put a lid on prices. Last week it was labor's turn in the spotlight, and the results were not encouraging.

Wage talks moved into the hard-bargaining phase for the U.S. Postal Service and its 570,000 mail carriers, sorters and other employees. Their three-year contract is due to expire on July 20. A reasonable settlement with the postal workers would put pressure on the nation's 475,000 railway workers, who are demanding a three-year contract with some 30% in pay increases, and have been locked in federal mediation talks since last January.

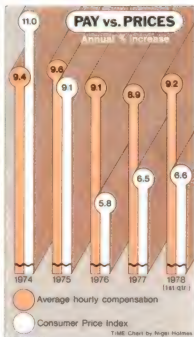
The Administration is particularly anxious for moderate postal and railway settlements for several reasons. It badly

needs to erase the unfortunate precedent that it set earlier this year when, to get coal strikers back on the job, the White House pressured the coal operators to accept an inflationary 38% increase in wages and benefits over the next three years.

The postal and railway settlements are certain to have an impact on next year's round of wage talks. There are no other big union contracts expiring this year, but several important ones come up for renewal in 1979. Among them are the United Auto Workers (with 800,000 members), the Teamsters (900,000 members), the International Union of Electrical Workers (200,000 members), and some 80,000 rubber, cork, linoleum and plastic workers. These unions have three-year contracts that now provide an average of 10% in annual pay increases, and White House officials hope to see the yearly raises cut to perhaps 7%. The Administration will have little hope of success with next year's heavy bargaining calendar if it cannot make inroads with this year's light calendar.

Though the Postal Service is a quasi-Government organization, the union leadership is infuriated by the Administration's blunt intrusion into the contract talks. Instead of quietly urging the chiefs to hold down wage demands, the White House has publicly and repeatedly insisted that they settle for no more than 5.5% a year—the same raise that Carter has said he will approve later this summer for 1,350,000 civil service workers. In fact, postal workers already earn an average wage of \$15.423 a year, nearly 50% more than the national average for private nonfarm workers.

White House officials had predicted that the postal workers would cooperate, but the demands that the union placed on the table last week were not exactly



encouraging. In addition to an increase in a cost-of-living escalator that offsets 65% of the prevailing inflation rate, the union called for a 7% wage increase in the first year and 5% in the second—all in all, a good bit more than the Administration had been hoping for. Said James LaPenta, a key postal union negotiator: "What the Administration has done is self-defeating. Management now feels that it is backed up all the way by the White House, and under those circumstances you can't get constructive bargaining."

If the talks become deadlocked, the mailmen may strike next month. That would be illegal, but the Postal Service is so worried that it has drawn up crisis plans to have important mail such as Social Security checks sorted and delivered by the military, including the ROTC. There is also a somewhat remote possibility of a railway strike early this autumn if a new contract cannot be achieved by the time the federal mediation period expires.

Officials on the Council on Wage and Price Stability admit that Carter's anti-inflation policy has no hope of succeeding unless unions begin accepting smaller pay increases than they have come to expect in the past several years. Says



COWPS Director Barry Bosworth: "Labor groups did not cause the food and energy price increases that initiated this inflation, but they are part and parcel of the process that keeps it going. We will just never achieve deceleration if each group waits for the others to act first."

Since 1974 many unions have been winning annual pay increases of 9%, 10% and sometimes more, to cushion members against inflation. Because the raises typically have been built into three-year contracts, employers have to pay the large annual increases even when the inflation rate goes down; since 1975, union wages have tended to go up faster than the inflation rate. Meanwhile, nonunion workers have begun to expect similar-sized raises, and companies pay them—often simply to keep skilled employees from quitting. Since productivity has not come near staying even with the growth of the paychecks—output per hour worked has risen about 2% on average since 1970—companies have had to cover their costs by raising prices. With inflation mounting at an alarming rate of 11.4% in April, it has become more difficult than ever to break the cycle.

Union leaders complain that far more is being asked of wage earners than of anyone else. One contentious point is Carter's request that top company executives restrict their salary increases to 5% as a symbolic gesture for rank-and-file workers to follow. Complains United Auto Workers President Douglas Fraser: "A 5% limit for people like General Motors Chairman Thomas Murphy, who makes just short of \$1 million a year, is no great concession to fighting inflation."

The gulf between Carter and the union leaders has been especially wide and deep since the President met with AFL-CIO Chief George Meany several weeks ago and tried—in vain—to sweet-talk him into supporting a general wage hold-down. As a union official who attended that White House session told *TIME* Correspondent Richard Hornik, "Carter came in with his little sermonette, and when we did not accept everything he said, he stopped listening to us. He should realize that meetings like these are not Sunday school."

To enlist labor in the battle against inflation, the Administration must fight much harder and more effectively on the other fronts than it has so far. There is a hollow ring to calls for businessmen and workers to settle for less so long as the Government keeps pumping up inflation through its unchecked spending. Next year's federal budget deficit, which is now projected to top \$50 billion—is at least an improvement on the \$60.6 billion that Carter had originally proposed in January—but it is still far too large for an economy in the fourth year of expansion. Cutting the budget is the most effective way to hold down prices and that in turn would be the best persuasion to stop labor leaders from demanding inflation-fueling pay rises.



Long lines of planes waiting to take off on Thursday, June 22, at Chicago's O'Hare Airport

Flying the Snarled-Up Skies

As fares fall, passengers rise and delays grow

Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, which boasts that it is the world's busiest, was so overloaded that approaching autos were backed up for hundreds of yards and the terminals were besieged by distraught passengers who had missed flights because of the congestion. At New York's La Guardia Airport during the peak morning departure period, 40 jetliners idled their engines in a serpentine queue for as long as two hours before finally getting permission to take off. Isolated instances? Not at all. Across the U.S. last week, airports were clogged with unparalleled throngs of passengers and hit by unprecedented numbers of snafus and snarls.

United Airlines hauled more passengers (148,479) on June 15 than on any other day in its history. Said one slightly dazed United executive: "It's incredible—we are carrying more people than at the end of a holiday weekend."

The best—or the worst—is still to come. As summer begins, Americans are taking to the air in unexpectedly high numbers. The airlines' forecast of an 8% to 10% traffic growth this year has been about 5 percentage points too low. Load factors, which ran at 54% last year, are climbing into the mid-60s. The outlook: the best year ever for U.S. lines, with revenues reaching \$22 billion and earnings up \$100 million, to \$700 million. But passenger discontent is rising even faster. The Civil Aeronautics Board is receiving a record number of complaints. Departure delays, which totaled 6,800 during the first three weeks of June, are running ahead of last year's rate.

Success is the root of the problem. More than one-third of all passengers now fly on cut-rate fares, 20% to 50% below regular tariffs, and most would not be aloft without them. The bargains have been brought about by President Carter's plan for the eventual deregulation of the airlines. As a first step, the CAB, in the past wary of cut-rate fares, has been approving almost all applications. The nation's twelve major and ten regional airlines of-

fer at least 26 separate bargain fares, under such catchy names as Chickenfeed and Peanuts.

The complexity of the cheapie fares puts a burden on reservation agents, who must spend far more time explaining catches to passengers. The average phone call to Eastern Air Lines, for instance, has doubled to five minutes since the promotional fares went into effect. In most cities, airline phone lines are jammed. Regular travelers who pay full fares are often unable to make bookings, and business people who have urgent appointments in other cities sometimes cannot confirm their reservations. Hence they may lose their seats to stand-by passengers paying only a fraction of the full fare. Says American Airlines Senior Vice President Robert Crandall: "If the public



Mobbed baggage claim area in Denver

The telephones are jammed too

Economy & Business

wants low fares, people will have to put up with delays."

Airlines are trying to cope by putting on more flights. United, for example, is adding 129 per day. Aistels will become narrower and the cabins more cramped as an extra seat per row is added by many airlines in the Lockheed TriStar, Boeing 747 and McDonnell Douglas DC-10 jumbos. To handle the flood of incoming calls, the airlines are hiring more agents; American has engaged 250 and United 300.

The lines might have handled the passenger surge with fewer complications if three other factors had not handicapped them so severely.

Slowdowns. Over the past few weeks, the air-traffic controllers have been staging slowdowns at selected airports. Hardest hit: Pittsburgh, New York City's La Guardia and Kennedy, Newark, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The controllers, who are entitled to eight free "familiarization" flights yearly on domestic airlines, wanted one "fam flight" on U.S. international carriers. Northwest, Pan Am and TWA are resisting on the grounds that U.S. controllers do not direct landings abroad. Late last week, pressure from a federal court persuaded controllers to end the slowdown, at least temporarily, but the issue of free flights remains unresolved. Also, in many of the Midwest and Northern Pacific states, the air snarl has been aggravated by a pilots' strike at Northwest, which struggled to keep some flights aloft by using management crews.

Weather. Much of it has ranged from bad to impossible. Denver's Stapleton airport was closed intermittently for days because of thunderstorms. The Northern states have been besieged by a succession of lightning-filled fronts, which have delayed flights for hours.

Repairs. The past winter's freezes left some runways in a potholed and fractured condition. Resurfacing jobs have shut some runways at a number of airports, including Washington National, O'Hare and Denver. A shortage of landing strips at major airports can cause delays and back-ups at other airports from coast to coast.

Many air travelers have their own special horror stories. A Northwest Airlines 747 carrying 370 passengers took seven hours to make the 70-minute flight from Minneapolis to Chicago because of air controllers' slowdowns. An American Airlines 727, packed to capacity after Eastern canceled its shuttle from Washington to New York, required 3½ hours to complete a scheduled 39-minute flight.

Despite the momentary discomforts, the summer of '78 offers some happy prospects. Plane builders and engine makers can expect larger orders because the lines will have to expand their fleets more than anticipated. Travelers can look forward to a broader array of fare reductions. Airline executives have long been divided over a key question: Do low fares pay off? Looking at all those new passengers—and profits—the answer has to be yes. ■

Dior's Biggest Summer Sale

Plenty of bidders for a fashion house with a troubled owner

For more than three decades the label, familiar to people willing to splurge on furs or lingerie, sports shirts or neckties, has been synonymous with quality, style, high price and, above all, French refinement and good taste. At the same time, Christian Dior has developed into a booming international company with more than 1,000 employees, sales last year of \$220 million and handsome (but undisclosed) profits. Yet today an unfortunate link with a troubled textile behemoth makes Dior's future uncertain.

The Paris-based company is the personal property of Marcel Boussac, 89, an ostentatious millionaire entrepreneur who did so well in textiles after World War I

taken over by a court-appointed receiver who will decide what, if anything, can be done to salvage C.I.T.F.'s 11,500 jobs. Last week, in an effort to keep C.I.T.F. alive, Boussac offered to give up his entire \$170 million personal fortune to help pay the company's debts of more than \$100 million. But a group of creditor banks refused to allow this, explaining that most of Boussac's property was already tied up as collateral against previous loans. The French government, in keeping with Premier Raymond Barre's free-market philosophy, will not come to the rescue with taxpayers' money.

Inevitably, the house of Dior will have to be sold to help Boussac pay off. That



Manager Jacques Rouët



Textile King Marcel Boussac

While a millionaire mortgages his possessions, French bankers turn cold.

that he became known as France's "Cotton King." In 1946, seeking to revive the war-tattered clothing market, he teamed with a young designer, Christian Dior, to found a fashion house. The next year Dior presented his first collection: the long, ample "new look" that established his reputation and set fashion trends for a decade. Under the management of Jacques Rouët, now 60, it flourished, even after the death of Dior in 1957. But Boussac's textile empire, consisting of a score of companies under the name Comptoir de l'Industrie Textile en France (C.I.T.F.), declined steadily.

Poor management failed to respond to competition, first from European neighbors, and more recently from Third World countries where labor costs are lower. To keep C.I.T.F. going, Boussac mortgaged more and more of his possessions, which include race horses, half a dozen châteaux and the morning Paris newspaper *L'Aurore*. Finally, unable to borrow further, he reluctantly allowed the company to be

prospect pleases the Dior staff, which has seen the firm's profits sink year after year into the bottomless Boussac pit. Partly as a result, Dior has had no resources to invest in new products and outlets needed to keep from falling behind such dynamic competitors as Yves Saint Laurent and Pierre Cardin.

The Dior firm has plenty of suitors. Last week Robert Hoag, president of Jeweller Cartier, offered to pay \$65 million for it. Among other potential buyers are French cosmetics manufacturer L'Oréal and champagne producer Moët-Hennessy, which bought Christian Dior Perfumes when Boussac needed cash in the early 1970s. The main concern of Dior's management and the French government is that the prestigious label remain in French hands. "You can't separate the Christian Dior image from France," says Rouët. "When an American woman pays for the Dior label, she wants to know that there is French know-how and style behind it." ■

MOTOR TREND

CAR DRIVER

Seattle Post-Intelligencer

TIME

Popular Science

ROAD & TRACK

FORTUNE

CARBIDE

The Seattle Times

A side profile of a red Fiat Ritmo, a three-door hatchback. The car is shown from a front-three-quarter view, highlighting its boxy 1980s design. It features a black front bumper, multi-spoke alloy wheels, and a black side mirror. The background is plain white.

*Please answer the questions using boxes and distribution curves. The following questions involve normal distributions without calculating and using z-scores. Your actual answers are then determined by calculating with the standard deviation and mean of the appropriate normal distribution.

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Economy & Business



Entrepreneur Mendel visits the customers at one of his company's centers in Montgomery

Making Millions by Baby-Sitting

While Mom works, Kinder-Care plays part-time parent

The idea was as obvious as the mess created by a six-year-old tackling a bowl of spaghetti. If Holiday Inns sanitized and made respectable the once tacky motel, and McDonald's gave the nation hamburgers without heartburn, why couldn't the same techniques of standardization and mass marketing be applied to day-care centers for children?

Today, at 250 locations in and near major cities, the green Holiday Inn marquee and the yellow McDonald's arches have company: the red teardrop housing a black plastic nonringing bell, the symbol of Alabama-based Kinder-Care Learning Centers, Inc. By offering a service that is safe, uniform and reasonably priced, it has become the largest network of places where parents can deposit offspring for a few liberating hours a day.

Kinder-Care is the prodigy of Perry Mendel, 56, a stocky, effusive former real estate developer whom some call the Colonel Sanders of child care. He opened the first center in Montgomery in 1969, pouring in \$15,000 of his own money and \$185,000 from assorted investors. The company has spread to 23 states, swamping immature competition (La Petite Academies, with 115 units, is a distant second). Kinder-Care is growing almost daily, and two weeks ago, Mendel announced that his company will acquire for stock Living and Learning Centers, Inc., which now operates 33 centers in New England.

With weekly fees of \$28 (in Rome, Ga.) to \$42 (in Columbia, Md.) and with 22,000 kids under its wing, Kinder-Care had revenues last year of \$12.8 million, up 41% from the year before. Earnings have grown for seven straight years, to \$745,180 in 1977; for the first nine months of this fiscal year they were up 65%. Kinder-Care stock, first offered in 1972, jumped from less than \$1 in 1976 to \$29 last week before a two-for-one split Friday. It has made a million dollars for each of 14 ground-floor investors from Montgomery. Mendel alone has stock profits of more than \$5 million. Says Montgomery Investment Banker Nimrod Frazer, whose holdings are worth \$335,000: "Kinder-Care is the biggest piece of capitalism that Montgomery has ever had."

The company has ridden several big social and economic changes. The women's movement, the divorce epidemic, inflation—all beckoned mothers to seek jobs outside the home. Even the decline in the birth rate boosted Kinder-Care. As school enrollments dropped, laid-off teachers were quite willing to work for Kinder-Care at the federal minimum of \$2.65 an hour. Forty percent of Mendel's 2,300 day-care employees are former teachers, many of the rest are housewives in need of extra cash. Center directors receive only \$11,000 a year, but Mendel offers them a plum: their kids can attend free.

Kinder-Care caters to a diverse and finicky clientele—infants in diapers to

twelve-year-olds who participate in after-school programs. During the centers' eleven-hour day (7 a.m. to 6 p.m.), the young customers are offered hot breakfasts and lunches, swimming in a standardized 12-by-20-ft. pool, kindergarten-style teaching and Kinder Kits containing weekly study themes. Two staple objects of modern kid culture are missing: television and junk food. Mendel believes that kids thrive without them. The squealing children seem to enjoy the place, and parents appear to have no qualms about sending them there. Says Mendel: "We took the guilt of leaving her child away from the working mother."

Franchising, in which outsiders paid for operating rights to a Kinder-Care center, was tried and abandoned after service declined. Today the company owns about a fifth of its centers and leases the rest from developers, who pay for land and construction. This allows Kinder-Care to operate all its centers and expand with a minimum of cash. At the Montgomery headquarters building, in a sleek office park, a staff of 26 tracks purchases of everything from modeling clay to transportation vans. Center directors send in seven forms a week, reporting on matters as varied as attendance, roof repairs and bad checks. A supervisor visits each center every week, and Mendel, tooling around in a white Cadillac, often makes unannounced inspections.

Already the company is "diversifying." For sale at the centers are toys, T-shirts and dancing lessons. Insurance policies for kids are coming in the fall. Mendel is not worried about competition from any larger company that may try to enter the field, for it seems big enough for all comers. The nation is overflowing with 5 million preschool children of working women, and Mendel's law is that most of those kids could use better care than they are getting.

A Marriage in Weakness

Steel jobs saved, but obsolescence continues

The Justice Department was in no mood to be bluffed, even by troubled steelmakers, and talks dragged on and on in a months-long game of high-stakes political poker. Ever since last November, steel conglomerates LTV Corp and Lykes Corp have argued fiercely that the only alternative to their planned merger was Lykes' bankruptcy and the layoff of thousands of steelworkers. But antitrust officials objected that even the marriage of two money losers, LTV's Jones & Laughlin and Lykes' Youngstown Sheet and Tube, would reduce steel competition. In the end, it came down to a very close personal decision by Attorney General Grif-

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fin Bell. Last week, overruling his staff, he approved the deal by which LTV (sales last year: \$4.7 billion) will acquire Lykes for about \$200 million in stock.

The controversial decision to allow the joining of the nation's seventh (Jones & Laughlin) and eighth (Youngstown) largest steelmakers into what will become the third or fourth biggest clearly hinged on Lykes' doomsday prediction. That prophecy could have proved self-fulfilling, because customers, suppliers and creditors all began to abandon the company for fear it would collapse. Bell rejected his own in-house advice that Lykes could be saved and competition maintained by selling assets to raise cash. The weakness of the company, he said, "led me to conclude that Lykes faced a grave probability of a business failure in the near future."

That would have been particularly painful, because Lykes last September closed some facilities in and near Youngstown, Ohio, eliminating 5,000 jobs. Local church and civic leaders hope to reopen the mills by collecting funds from people in the area and getting Government-guaranteed loans, but their chances seem slim and will be unaffected by last week's decision.

Bell's announcement brought mixed reactions from the 15,000 workers remaining at various Youngstown Sheet and Tube plants in the U.S. While older men expressed deep relief that their pensions would not be washed out by bankruptcy, some younger workers were bitter that the Justice Department failed to attach conditions protecting existing jobs. This was discussed during the negotiation with the companies, but, said a Justice Department official, such conditions "would have got us into an area beyond our role."

LTV, which also is a major aerospace manufacturer and food processor, is keeping quiet about its postmerger plans, at least until after shareholders of both companies vote in late August or early September to approve the linkup. All LTV has said is that it will not close Youngstown's Indiana Harbor mill, near Chicago, which could feed raw steel to Jones & Laughlin's Hennepin, Ill., processing plant and give the enlarged combine a fully integrated facility in the Middle West. While the two companies are complementary in some ways, they also have redundancies. LTV has promised that the merger savings will lead to profits, and with that as an objective, most steel people expect as a consequence that there will be some plant shutdowns.

Even with extensive streamlining, two weak companies will find it difficult to equal one strong firm, and Bell's decision could prove to be shortsighted. It simply delays yet again long-overdue industry rationalization and perpetuates the old problem of obsolete, high-cost steel plants that require special help to compete internationally. ■

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

The Cattlemen's Complaint

Traveling out in America's fat cattle country, through Iowa, Idaho and Colorado, the visitor from the city hears the other side of the emotional story of the meat price inflation.

Like almost all U.S. farmers, the cattleman is aggrieved. For four years the prices that he collects have buckled like a sick calf, while the costs of everything he buys—gasoline, fertilizer, tetracycline for ailing heifers, tractors from Peoria and bull semen from France—have climbed like corn in August. And just when he had started to make a comeback, a politically motivated peanut farmer from Georgia cut him off at the knees by letting in a lot of imports.

Urban shoppers, stunned as they are at beef prices climbing 4% in April alone and perhaps another 5% in May, should not lightly dismiss this plaint. To do so risks biting the hand that feeds. The U.S. cattleman is the descendant of the romantic cowboy, and for the most part he preserves those storied virtues of ruggedness, independence and dawn-to-dark hard work. But he is also a modern businessman, worried about cash flow and capital costs and, of course, interest rates. Says a typical cattle raiser in Oregon: "My family has been in this business for three generations, and we haven't been out of debt for one year."

Tens of thousands of cattlemen survived only on the suzerainty of country bankers from 1974 through 1977, when any businessman could see that the cost of raising steers and cows was higher than the price for selling them. Cattlemen cut their herds from 132 million in 1975 to 115 million now, and the iron law of supply and demand levied a heavy fine on the supermarket shopper. When average prices of beef cuts jumped from \$1.63 per lb. in March to \$2.09 per lb. in June—far faster than the cost of living—Jimmy Carter's advisers urged him to open the import gates.

It was then that Dick McDougal, a Lovelock, Nev., rancher who heads the National Cattlemen's Association, flew to Washington to huddle with Robert Strauss, the celebrated Texas shooter of the bull. McDougal made this case to Carter's No. 1 inflation fighter: beef prices have gone up about as far as they will go. So, just let the cattleman alone, and he will build up his herds. But if more imports come in, the rancher may well reduce his herds still more—and prices, after a short dip, will climb through the early 1980s.

A few days later, Carter raised annual import quotas from 1.3 billion to 1.5 billion lbs. Now that seemingly enormous amount works out to 1 lb. per American for the rest of this year and will probably clip a few pennies a pound off hamburger. Beef prices in general are expected to level out or decline a bit in the months ahead. But the psychological blow to ranchers has been devastating. The value of their cattle has dropped \$6 billion since Carter's import decision, says McDougal, who adds, "We feel betrayed."

There have been misunderstandings aplenty in this classic clash, and lessons to be learned on all sides. First, the ranchers, who overreacted to a rather modest increase in quotas, should recognize that freer trade will ultimately benefit them. America's potential for export to a beef-loving world is enormous, and ranchers cannot exploit it while clamoring for rigid quotas.

Second, the Administration should help cattlemen to realize that potential by getting tough with countries that bar beef. If the Japanese refuse to lower their high barriers against America's meat, the U.S. can put quotas on Toyotas.

Third, instead of fighting the other meat exporters, notably the Australians, the U.S. should join with them in pressing for large increases in meat quotas by Japan and the Common Market.

Fourth, the Congress can reduce the farmers' costs by easing some of the stringent, and sometimes silly, environmental rules that restrict use of herbicides, pesticides and fertilizers.

Finally, the public can recognize that the farmer, too, is victimized by inflation and stop complaining so loudly about the big bite at the meat counter.



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ignorant
of the facts
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Law



Chief Judge Irving Kaufman: A need to know "the dynamics of litigation"

Speedier Justice

Second Circuit shows the way

Sue or be sued has become the American way of life, as court calendars stretch out like Depression breadlines. Months, even years, can pass before a suit is heard, much less appealed or resolved. So the achievement of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit is rare and laudable. While the backlog of cases piled up in the ten other U.S. Appeals Courts has risen since 1974 from 3,757 to 8,243, for the fifth year in a row the Second Circuit will have disposed of all cases that were ready for a hearing.

The key to this efficiency is not less litigation or less crime, but a tight rein on dilatory lawyers through strict scheduling and the establishment of procedures to cut out unessential steps. Sometimes hearing the appeal itself is unnecessary. Under the court's civil appeals management plan, opposing lawyers are routinely brought together to explore the possibility of settling the case before the circuit court judges will even hear it. As a result, the number of cases settled or withdrawn before hearing last year in the Second was one-third higher than in the other circuits. If the case goes forward, further separation of wheat from legal chaff occurs. Purely technical motions that may obscure issues or delay hearings are quickly resolved. In simpler cases, lawyers are urged to make their points in typewritten "letter briefs" of no more than ten pages.

The prime mover behind these reforms is Irving R. Kaufman, who was appointed chief judge of the Second in 1973. Kaufman is a believer in the "British tradition of orality." Because he and his colleagues favor "eyeball situations between attorneys and judges," the Second allows

oral argument in more than 90% of its cases (vs. an average of 70% in the other circuits). But the flow of advocacy may be quickly cut off if the judges find it repetitious or unessential. Judges in the Second often decide appeals directly from the bench, simply stating their reasons and dispensing with written opinions.

Kaufman and the other Second Circuit judges have had some help from lawyers themselves. The bulk of the cases in the Second, which covers Vermont and Connecticut as well as New York, involve New York City problems and are argued by the generally able and responsive members of the New York bar.

If the celerity of the Second Circuit is so far unique among U.S. appeals courts, it is not because other judges have not explored new ways of clearing their dockets. On the West Coast, the Ninth Circuit has experimented with efficiency controls. But its sheer geographic size—it runs from Arizona to Alaska to Guam—makes uniform procedure difficult to impose and spreads the circuit's 13 judges thin. The Fifth, which covers many Southern states, is the busiest of the circuits, handling almost 30% of all federal appeals. Fifth judges have taken even more draconian time-saving measures than the Second. Under its "summary calendar system," oral argument is eliminated in about half the cases.

Many judicial reformers see more judges as the answer to judicial overload. Judge Kaufman's nine-judge circuit has had help from eight semiretired senior judges. But, says Kaufman, "Nothing irritates me more than to hear that the sole 'cure' is more judges. Of course there should be more, but they should be judges who know something about the dynamics of litigation and how to streamline the process." Given the Second's enviable efficiency, few will dissent. ■

Adults Only

No children need apply

NO KIDS read the sign on the front door of the apartment building in San Francisco's Sunset district. Photographed last summer by investigators for the city's consumer-fraud unit, the sign has just cost the landlords a \$4,000 fine. The penalty, agreed to by court-approved settlement, was the first under a three-year-old San Francisco law prohibiting apartment owners from refusing to rent to families with children.

The law is a response to a growing U.S. phenomenon that American families find more and more intolerable. As the single-family house becomes a more prohibitively expensive American dream, more young families are forced to live in apartments. In cities with a low vacancy rate like San Francisco (2%) and Los Angeles (3%), landlords can pick and choose among tenants. Increasingly, the choice is "adults only." Such restrictions suit older couples who have raised their children, like quiet and do not want to trip over roller skates on the landing, as well as many singles who feel the mere presence of children will cramp their swinging life-style. The policy also makes economic sense to landlords for whom tenants' children can create maintenance problems. But what are young parents to do? Says Dora Ashford, director of the Los Angeles Fair Housing for Children Coalition, "People with children are a desperate class of renter right now."

At least six states—New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Illinois, Michigan and Massachusetts—have found it necessary to ban housing discrimination against families with children. In most states, though, a landlord can legally evict a tenant for the "crime" of childbearing. At least that is what happened in California to Stephen and Lois Wolfson after they had a child last year. Forced to leave their \$425-a-month apartment in Los Angeles' Marina del Rey, they fought the eviction in municipal court and lost. Now they live in a condominium at roughly twice the cost of their old apartment, and are appealing the case under California civil rights law. If they win, a lot of ADULTS ONLY signs will come down, at least in California: an estimated 60% of Los Angeles apartments do not rent to children, a figure that climbs to 75% for apartments under \$450 a month and up to 80% in the city's much sought-after West Side. Elsewhere in the country, percentages vary enormously. In overbuilt Atlanta, less than 30% of the apartments are for adults. But in New Orleans, with its 90% occupancy rate, at three out of four apartments no children need apply. ■

Living

Dressing Down in Sloppy Chic

The rumpled, crumpled, wrinkled, crinkled look

I was said of Columnist Heywood Brown that he resembled an unmade bed. This summer that dubious sartorial distinction is being emulated by fashion-conscious men and women from Fifth Avenue to Rodeo Drive. The look could be called Sloppy Chic. Its adherents insist that the clothes they wear be made of natural fibers—cotton, linen, silk—and that they look natural: unstructured, unlined, un-starched, unpressed. Their aim is to look carefree not careless, modish not messy, though the distinction may at times be

powder. Indian fabrics were among the highlights of a huge sales promotion of Indian merchandise mounted by Manhattan's Bloomingdale's last April. The material is so popular in New England that the Rhode Island-based, 80-store Touraine chain expects to sell 50,000 Indian gauze garments this season and regularly dispatches a buyer to the subcontinent to snare supplies.

Going from unisex to unsex, The Lodge At Harvard Square, with 17 New England outlets, sells its women customers huge quantities of old-fashioned men's chino pants, whose seats rapidly become modishly baggy on distaff derrières.

Buttoned-down American men, of course, are dourly and durably resistant to the whims of fashion; but they too are succumbing in increasing numbers to the "schlepped in" look. When Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco's priciest men's store, ran full-page ads featuring a man whose linen suit looked as if it had escaped from a disaster movie, it was a sellout. Italy's Giorgio Armani is generally acknowledged to be the greatest evangelist of male unkempt. A disarming, blue-eyed Milanese, Armani, 43, is a canny tailor who knows precisely what each fabric can do and undo. Though Italians call his style *Il Look Inglese*—to which stiff upper-collared Englishmen might well object—Armani has managed to steer the national aspiration to *la bella figura* toward an image of bohemian nonchalance. His bel-lows-pocketed, unlined suits are sellouts in the U.S. at prices ranging from \$475 to \$650.

Conscious dishevelment is a far cry from the bandbox-fresh, polyester-crisp image that men and women, particularly men, have cultivated for so long. Yet in a way the rumpled, crumpled look is a logical extension of the recent trend toward self-liberation in fashion. "People today are willing to be comfortable, both physically and socially," says David Tessler, owner of San Francisco's City Island Dry Goods Co. boutique. "They have no use for constraints or formality." Fashion Savant Geraldine Stutz, president of Manhattan's Henri Bendel, declares not only that "the wrinkle is the apogee of casual dressing" but also that it is "the ultimate declaration of independence, the last statement of revolt against fashion dictatorship."

Not every woman or man chooses to revolt. While gauze-gazers in an office may not mind that a woman has gone from the synthetic to the slept-in look, the aspiring businessman who shows up for work in such deshabille may soon find

that his future is as unstructured as his suit. Europeans, on the other hand, have never looked askance at a wrinkled, rumpled garment as worn by the likes of Charles de Gaulle or Sophia Loren. Clearly, though, U.S. tastes are changing. In time, Americans may even perceive the beauty in a wrinkled face. ■

Caviar Emtor

Welcome A. transmontanus!

The sturgeon, one of the biggest, ugliest and most primitive of all fish, would be only an evolutionary oddity were it not for the million little black globules nestled in the average female's ovaries. If Mama is called *Acipenser huso* and comes from the Black Sea or the Caspian, her eggs may wind up in the U.S. as Iranian or Russian beluga caviar worth \$200 a pound. The good news is that federal aid, abetted by academic enterprise, private initiative and a dash of Iron Curtain intrigue, may soon put this exquisite fishy fudge on middle-income toast.

The bearer of these tidings is *A. transmontanus*, the big Pacific sturgeon. A sister under the skin to the Black Sea species, it runs naturally up California's Sacramento River. (In the 19th century, sturgeon were so plentiful in East Coast rivers that the U.S. exported vast quantities of caviar to Europe.) These overlooked aristocrats have been extracted from the stream by the University of California at Davis, which plans to breed them in vast ponds like those used in the South to grow the plebeian catfish. The Le Carré element enters with Serge Doroshov, 42, who helped develop the advanced Soviet aquacultural, or fish-farming, program; he defected to the U.S. last year and joined the Davis staff. Among other things, Academician Doroshov discovered a way to speed up the sturgeon's maturity cycle, from 15 to 20 years to four to six years. At Davis, internationally renowned for its research into food and wine, officials expect to receive federal money for a \$500,000 pilot hatchery.

Capitalism swam in with Swedish-born Mats and Daphne Engstrom, whose California Sunshine Inc. has worked for two years to make caviar pearls of Davis-raised *A. transmontanus* eggs. One day last week the California consortium transformed the U.S. Senate's Mike Mansfield Room into a caviarerie. The guests enthusiastically downed 20 lbs. of caviar and 30 lbs. of smoked sturgeon as well as 70 bottles of California champagne. A caviar connoisseur from TIME, correspondent Gregory Wierzynski, was on hand, on a scale of 1 to 10, he rated the West Coast product at 8. The price? If you crave caviar, you shouldn't have to ask, but it may cost from one-third to one-half as much as the imported stuff. ■



Calvin Klein's unlined cotton outfit

The Annie Hallmark for this summer

more in the eye of the wearer than the beholder. "This year," says a buyer at Chicago's I. Magnin, "wrinkled is rich."

For women, the Annie Hallmark is tailored blazers, skirts and wrinkly fabrics, as exemplified in Calvin Klein's spring-summer collection. The paradox is that classic clothes end up looking like that classic clothes within a few steamy hours. One of the hottest—or coolest—fabrics used in Indian gauze, dyed with eggplant, saffron, cucumber and other natural substances, maybe even curry



Ford in the Model A



With Wife Veronica, Muhammad Ali meets with Brezhnev and comes out a winner

People

In a dry run it refused to start, but by parade time the 1903 Model A was purring nicely. The driver, **William Clay Ford**, younger brother of **Henry II**, led 75 Ford cars through Dearborn, Mich., to celebrate the company's 75th anniversary. For Ford, 53, known to sports fans as the owner of the Detroit Lions, the parade was his first public appearance as chairman of the company's executive committee. How does William feel about his new job? "Unless somebody invents a day with more than 24 hours," he says, "more time at the company means less time with the Lions."

It was billed as the First White House Jazz Festival

—and it probably won't be the last. As **Dizzy Gillespie** and his host hammed it up last week, **Herbie Hancock**, **Eubie Blake**, **Ornette Coleman** and 35 or so other jazz stars played for a throng of guests on the White House lawn. Later, Carter warbled Gillespie's famous refrain: "Salt peanuts, salt peanuts." Asked Gillespie: "Would you like to go on the road with us?" Joked Carter: "After tonight, I may have to."

Is the sheik chic? Not according to the residents of Beverly Hills, who have been aghast at the \$2.4 million mansion that Saudi Arabia's **Sheik Mohammad al Fassi** painted blue-green and refurbished in rococo kitsch. To appease

the neighbors, Mohammad's father **Sheik Shams Aldein al Fassi** gave a housewarming for 1,000 or so and showed off the improvements: a bathroom decorated with pornographic posters, a basement discotheque, a circular master bed that revolves at the press of a button and stuffed life-size camels. "In my religion, you take care of your neighbors," said the Sheik, who showed his good faith by serving champagne, Maine lobsters, shish-kebab and 30 lbs of imported caviar.

Sparring with the Kremlin is not easy (just ask **Jimmy Carter**), but **Muhammad Ali** figured it was worth a round. At the invitation of the Soviets, the ex-

champ toured the U.S.S.R. for ten days. Although he missed TV and cheeseburgers, he enjoyed early morning jogs through Red Square. "I never saw a people so peaceful and orderly," he said. Looking a paunchy 235 lbs., he also lumbered through two-round exhibition matches with three top Soviet heavyweights. The highlight of the trip was a 35-minute interview with Soviet President **Leonid Brezhnev**. Recalled Ali: "He gave me a hug, and I gave him a hug. All he talked was peace, peace, peace. I felt like the black President of the U.S."

On the Record

Jimmy Breslin, author (144): "The No. 1 reason any professional writes is to pay the bills. This isn't the Lawn Tennis Association, where you play just for the thrill of it."

Seiji Ozawa, musical director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who recently became the first foreigner in many years to conduct concerts in China: "[The Chinese] are dry, they are thirsty. Anything I said, they played it. I almost felt worried because I am not Brahms himself."

Sir Laurence Olivier, actor: "Acting is a masochistic form of exhibitionism. It is not quite the occupation of an adult."



Flanked by bodyguards, Mohammad Al Fassi tries to make the Beverly Hills neighbors turn the other sheik



Cinema

COVER STORY

Warren Beatty Strikes Again

In Heaven Can Wait, he produces, acts, directs, writes—and gets the girl

He is a millionaire many times over but lives in two small, slovenly kept hotel rooms. He travels with the fastest crowd in the country but rarely drinks and never snorts or smokes. He is offered the best jobs in his profession but turns most of them down. His idea of sin is to eat ice cream. His idea of a great time is to talk on the phone. His idea of heaven is to spend hours debating the pros and cons of Proposition 13. He wears dirty jeans three days in a row, chews vitamin pills and remembers everything. He makes coast-to-coast plane reservations for six consecutive flights, then misses all of them. Almost the only appurtenance consonant with his celebrity is an address book Don Juan would envy. As one of his best friends puts it, "He can be an idiot, and he can be brilliant. The thing is, whatever he does, he does it bigger than the others do it. It's his appetite. His appetite is epic. He looks at the world, and there are things in it he wants. There are things he must do. There are people he must have. His appetite is enormous, and he has a wonderful time getting what he wants."

The life-style may be odd, the methods unorthodox, but Warren Beatty gets what he wants. And it almost invariably works—and sells. No actor of his generation, not Redford or Nicholson, has been a star half as long as Beatty has. Few in the film industry make as much money. No one can do so many of the jobs required to create a successful film as he. In the most visible function, acting, Beatty, unlike Travolta or De Niro, began at the top. He has been a sensation ever since he first appeared on the screen, in *Splendor in the Grass*, 17 years ago.

He also revels in his life. Having no strong family ties, he goes wherever he wants whenever he wants. Having no strong compulsion to work, he takes off months to hop around the world, read, dabble in politics and consort with beautiful and in-

teresting women. (He has made only 15 movies in 18 years.) While other stars hang out with one another in Malibu, Beatty moves and mingles with the "right" people. He has had breakfast with Henry Kissinger in San Clemente and dined back in town with Vladimir Horowitz. He has numbered among his friends the likes of Lillian Hellman, Robert F. Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, George McGovern and Jerry Brown. The countless women in his life have included Natalie Wood, Julie Christie and his current flame, Diane Keaton.

With all this going on, he might well show signs of wear, but at 41, Beatty has the looks of a crown prince. He carries his 6-ft. 2-in. frame like a youth of 20. Maybe there are a few crows'-feet around Beatty's bedroom eyes and a small bald spot, but these are minor imperfections. When people lead charmed lives, they age remarkably well. Explains Beatty's friend, screenwriter Robert Towne (*Shampoo*): "People say you don't learn from success but from your failures. Warren learns from success."

This week fortune is ready to smile on Beatty yet another time. *Heaven Can Wait*, his new film, opens at 625 theaters nationwide and is almost sure to be the most popular entertainment of the summer. A remake of a classic Hollywood comedy called *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* (1941), *Heaven Can Wait* is a light, screwball fantasy about a Los Angeles Rams quarterback (Beatty) who dies and comes back to life as an eccentric millionaire. The movie has everything going for it: big laughs, populist politics, billowy sequences set in heaven, a murder plot, a climactic Super Bowl game, a supporting cast of choice comic actors (Charles Grodin, Dyan Cannon, Jack Warden) and, best of all, a touching (but P.G.) romance between the hero and Co-Star Julie Christie, who communicate largely through passionate eye contact, the heat of which has not been felt since Clark

Gable and Vivien Leigh met in *Gone With the Wind*. From beginning to end, for kids and adults, *Heaven Can Wait* is nonstop—and blissfully uncomplicated—pleasure.

Beatty is not only the star of *Heaven Can Wait* but the co-writer (with Elaine May), co-director (with Buck Henry) and producer. Having already produced two smash hits in his only previous tries, *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967) and *Shampoo* (1975), Beatty must now be regarded as a major film maker as well as a star. "He is really a perfect producer," says Arthur Penn, who directed *Bonnie and Clyde*. "He makes everyone demand the best of themselves. Warren stays with a picture through editing, mixing and scoring; he plain works harder than anyone else I have ever seen."

The job of producing *Heaven Can Wait* began over a year ago. Beatty was gearing up for two massive pet projects, film biographies of Billionaire Howard Hughes and John Reed, the messianic leftist author (*Ten Days That Shook the World*). Then Beatty decided to make a simpler movie first. "I thought I better do a nice yarn with a strong narrative," he says. "And *Heaven Can Wait* is all plot." Since the hero of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* is a boxer, Beatty considered the film a good vehicle for Muhammad Ali, a friend whom he regards as a potential movie star. But Ali had a couple of fights on his schedule, and Beatty cast himself as the hero instead. "I couldn't see myself as a boxer," he says, "but I had been a football player as a kid. So I changed it."

After commissioning and polishing Elaine May's screenplay, Beatty got to work on casting. Possibly the hardest role to fill was that of Mr. Jordan, a heavenly bureaucrat played by Claude Rains in 1941, both Cary Grant and former Senator Eugene McCarthy were talked about for the part before it went to James Mason. Only at the last minute did Beatty decide to try directing for the first time. "I asked Mike [Nichols] and Arthur [Penn], but they were busy," he says. "Then I thought the next best thing would be to do it myself." But Beatty, who becomes deadly serious when working, decided he needed a co-director to keep the movie from becoming ponderous. Buck Henry got the job, as well as the on-screen role of Mr. Jordan's celestial assistant. It was not an easy experience. "We had plenty of disagreements, but they weren't violent," says Henry. "When Warren wants to do something his way, he has it all figured out. So you goddamn well better be prepared to argue your case if you differ with him."

What began as a throwaway film became, for Beatty, an exhausting effort. As he told *TIME* West Coast Bureau Chief William Rademaekers in his reporting on Beatty: "I was looking for fun, but it took more time and work than I thought. The essence of producing is to get a good collaborative mix of talent. Yet, no matter what you do, a film is still a film—a couple of hours of moments, some good, some bad, and you have to replace the bad with the good." Only days before its opening, Beatty was in New York City refining the details of his movie's release. "Anyone who would make films and ignore the final phase—how it's projected on the screen, the speakers in the theater—is not realistic," he says. "You can put in years and have the entire thing erased by a light bulb. As the producer, I have nobody to blame but myself if the movie doesn't come off."

There is unlikely to be much blame in the case of *Heaven Can Wait*. Besides contributing a likable and funny performance as the movie's hero, Beatty has brought out the best in his collaborators. May's work on the script is her wittiest since

Scenes from *Heaven Can Wait*: Beatty in heaven, with Julie Christie, as captain of industry, at the Super Bowl





A New Leaf: she has spiked a sentimental story with misanthropic jokes about money, marriage and adultery that are not in the old film. Grodin and Cannon, who have May's sharpest lines, give impeccable, dry comic performances. Some of the humor—involving batty butlers and rough football players—is knockabout, but the gags never go on too long. Nor do the co-directors ignore the poignancy of their tale. Though the film is set almost entirely in modern Los Angeles, it never gives the audience time to question its fantastic premise or its hopelessly romantic conviction that love can triumph over class differences, physical metamorphoses and even death. It is the first film Beatty has produced with a happy ending, and, as he says, "Let's face it, what makes you feel good about the movie is that it says you're not going to die."

The old-fashioned appeal of *Heaven Can Wait* gives the film some of its glow. It is easy to imagine Beatty spending his boyhood watching double features at the neighborhood movie palace. That was not the case. Growing up in Richmond and later Arlington, Va., Beatty (then spelled with one *i*) was a bookworm. His father, a high school principal, taught him to read at the age of four. He had a formidable sister, Shirley MacLaine (MacLean is Mrs. Beatty's maiden name). Three years older than Warren, she was the tomboy. Today she feels that both children were greatly influenced by the powerful personalities of their parents: "Dad had this Southern talent of commanding attention in any room with his storytelling. Mom would react to him in an intense way. Though not social or gregarious, they were like a vaudeville team at home, and Warren and I would sit there and watch. It made both of us rather shy, and one of our quests in life has been to overcome that shyness with self-expression."

As a teen-ager, Warren threw away the books. He was only a fair student but was captain of his high school football team and president of his class. He quit Northwestern University after his freshman year and moved to New York to study acting. Then as now, Beatty kept professional distance between himself and his sister. He told interviewers that "nobody likes to be in somebody else's shadow." He was also far from certain that he wanted the flashy career she already had.

"I wanted to be a stage director—that was legitimate," says Beatty, "and I wanted to write for the theater. I sort of backed into acting as a way of learning the theater." In New York in the late '50s, he worked at odd jobs, such as playing "bad cocktail piano" at a dim midtown club. After appearing in a few stock and live television productions, he got a screen test with Director Joshua Logan, another novice movie actor. Jane Fonda, auditioned with Beatty. Nothing came of it, but three months later MGM offered Beatty a five-year contract at \$400 a week. He moved to Hollywood and, at 22, sized up the pitfalls of the studio system in record time. Without ever unpacking his bags, he borrowed money to buy his way out of MGM. Back in New York, he landed a supporting role in a William Inge play, *A Loss of Roses*. Though the show flopped on Broadway, Elia Kazan happened to see it. "I liked Warren right away," the director recalls now. "He was awkward in a way that was attractive. He was very, very ambitious. He had a lot of hunger, as all the stars do when they are young." Kazan signed Beatty immediately for *Splendor in the Grass*; to this day, Kazan remains Warren's favorite director.

Even before movie audiences got their first glimpse of Beatty, he was starring in Hollywood gossip columns. Nominally en-

With Natalie Wood in *Splendor*, Julie Christie in *McCabe*, Faye Dunaway and Gene Hackman in *Bornis*, Julie Christie in *Shampoo*



The man of enormous zest: with Joan Collins (1961); Natalie Wood (1962); Leslie Caron (1964)

"Like Peter Pan, he always comes back to another little girl who's ready to fly off with him to never-never land"

gaged to Actress Joan Collins, Beatty carried on a public affair with *Splendor* Co-Star Natalie Wood. It broke up her marriage to Actor Robert Wagner, though they later remarried. (A few years later Director Peter Hall named Beatty the correspondent in a divorce suit against Leslie Caron.) Beatty was notorious as a rake, and not of the garden variety, by the time his first film opened. At the time, his feelings about his profession were mixed. "When I would fly in from Europe," he recalls, "it was embarrassing for me to put 'actor' on my landing card."

Beatty followed *Splendor* with a string of movies—*The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*, *All Fall Down*, *Lilith*—that turned out to be disappointments, but enlarged Beatty's image. Along the way, he earned a reputation for being hard on directors. "If the director was indecisive, Warren would absolutely destroy him," says Robert Towne. "He'd ask so many questions—and he can ask more questions than any three-year-old—that the director didn't know whether he was coming or going. I think Warren's drive to be a producer was that he feared he would get into more films where the person in authority didn't quite know what he was doing." Beatty agrees: "Once I became interested in stories and getting stories told, I realized I had to be a producer to get them told in the right way."

With *Bonnie and Clyde*, Beatty's chance to tell a story in his own way arrived. He didn't fool around. "He found the script and brought it to me," says Director Penn. "He put together the financing and did the casting jointly with me. Warren is a great fighter. Warner Bros. didn't like *Bonnie and Clyde* and released it poorly. Warren got in there and reorganized the advertising and the release pattern. He made himself a real pain in the ass to the people at Warner's. 'Why do we have to deal with this good-looking actor?' was their attitude. People didn't recognize him as the superior businessman he is. They do now. The results of his efforts were absolutely electrifying."

To say the least, *Bonnie and Clyde* became a classic of '60s pop culture and the year's highest grossing film. Beatty became an international culture hero. Visiting France after the movie opened there, he found that "people everywhere were dressed

like Bonnie and Clyde: it was the pervasive theme." And Beatty was celebrated as its prophet. At *haut monde* parties in Paris, he recalls, "you would be seated at a table with Maurice Chevalier on one side, Arthur Rubinstein on the other and Mr. and Mrs. Pompidou across the candlesticks. There were old men with beautiful young girls—not one but clusters of them. There were women dripping jewels, and somehow you felt this will never come again." He had just turned 30.

After the *Bonnie and Clyde* hysteria died down, Beatty acted only occasionally. His single memorable performance was in Robert Altman's *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* (1971); it was also his first appearance opposite Julie Christie, who had been the most important woman in his life since 1965.

Beatty was drawn into politics by Viet Nam and Bobby Kennedy in 1968. He took a year and a half off to work for the '72 Democratic ticket. George McGovern was impressed by his new-found fund raiser's seriousness: "Warren not only cares about issues, but his judgment is very perceptive." Mostly to be available for McGovern, Beatty rejected a number of major films: *The Godfather*, *The Way We Were*, *The Great Gatsby* and *The Sting*. Once the campaign was over, Beatty got to work producing and starring in *Shampoo*, a trenchant social comedy about a randy Beverly Hills hairdresser. Its sexual frankness was almost as hotly debated as the violence in *Bonnie and Clyde*, but it was enormously successful.

These days Beatty continues to pursue his three obsessions—movies, politics and women—in about equal measure. His base for the past dozen years has been his apartment high in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. The suite, aptly named "El Escondido" (The Hideaway), is a mess. Half-eaten room-service sandwiches, old magazines, scripts, books and political journals lie in heaps throughout the living room; the place looks more like the office of the editor of a liberal weekly than the salon of a movie star. Beatty, who likes to wear old jeans and open shirts, slips in and out of the Wilshire through the garage.

Two and a half years ago, Beatty began building a mansion near his pal Jack Nicholson's spread on Mulholland Drive; there isn't a soul in Hollywood who believes that Beatty will ever move into it. "There's no anchor in Warren's life," observes

Having a wonderful time: with Julie Christie (1975); Michelle Phillips (1975); Diane Keaton (1978)



Cinema

one friend. "Warren is always on the go," says Arthur Penn. "He travels light and takes one small suitcase from coast to coast. I guess you'd call him a very rich migrant worker." Last week Beatty arrived in New York to organize the advance screenings of *Heaven Can Wait* and harass the Paramount sales force with endless queries. It took the elegant Carlyle Hotel two days to determine whether or not he had actually checked into his suite. At one point a maid burst into his room, found Beatty on the telephone and complained: "Nobody has slept in the bed again. I want to know—are you going to stay here tonight?" Finally Beatty sheepishly threw up his hands and announced: "Well, it looks like this hotel has blown my cover."

Such tales about Beatty are legion. He rarely, if ever, is on time for any kind of appointment: Agent Sue Mengers, a friend injured to his late arrivals, says she now "plans buffet entertaining if Warren is coming to one of my parties." Wealth makes him uncomfortable. He would rather hear Mabel Mercer sing in a quiet club than boogie at Regine's; he owns a Cartier watch, but prefers to wear a Timex. An articulate man who refuses to use either Hollywood lingo or the latest L.A. hip-speak, Beatty likes to take long pauses in the middle of sentences to make sure that he doesn't say more than he intends. In action, he is fast and effective. Lillian Hellman describes Beatty as a "foul-weather friend," the first person to call in a crisis. Says Mike Nichols: "He can make 65 calls in three hours and plan anything." Beatty is also a health-food enthusiast and, as Nichols notes, "a postgraduate hypochondriac." He tells of the time that Beatty crossed wires making a call and overheard two strangers discussing the symptoms of a friend who was about to have her gall bladder removed. Beatty listened and then broke in: "Hey, she doesn't have gall bladder problems; she should be tested for hypoglycemia." Sure enough, he proved to be right.

In business, Beatty is a tough operator. He will collect industry gossip without offering his sources any information in return. Says Beatty: "You never really know whether you are being perceived as a monster if you are a star." A few of his colleagues do see him that way. Says one highly respected studio head: "Warren won't make commitments and negotiates forever, trying to get his fees up. I wouldn't wish a negotiation with him on anyone." Buck Henry takes a more benevolent view: "Beatty is psychotic about the possibility of overlooking anything. If he could, he would be up in the projection booth of the theater showing his movie, pushing the projectionist aside, still trying to cut or add frames, humming music he might have forgotten to include in the sound track. 'Easy-going' is not a quality he has. You know how Presidents age in office? If Beatty were President, either he would be dead after the first year or the country would be dead, because his attention to detail is maniacal."

His romantic commitments are, as ever, ephemeral. Says his sister: "Neither of us would have a conventional marriage because of the intensity of the marriage we witnessed every day as children. We need more breathing room in our lives. I can't imagine Warren with children. When he first met my daughter, he examined her quietly as though she were just a specimen of human life instead of his niece."

Some friends find their relationships with Beatty one-sided. But women who have had flings with Beatty speak of him more often with amusement than rancor. One survivor of a brief affair recalls: "He doesn't just want to seduce you but to quite literally charm the pants off you. He tells you you're fabulous and laughs at all your jokes. When we first met, we spent six hours talking about politics and articles in *The Atlantic* and sex and show business and Julie Christie. He's so in love with himself

that it's contagious. He's very funny. I certainly don't regret knowing him." Actress Lee Grant, a longtime Beatty watcher, feels that "Warren's conquests of women are not totally successful. His percentage is about fifty-fifty. Those he can't conquer don't want to be part of a crowd—one of Warren's girls. But the Peter Pan quality in Warren is very attractive to some. He teaches them to fly, and they have extraordinary experiences with him. Then they grow up and go on, and he keeps flying. Like Peter Pan, he always comes back to another little girl who's ready to fly off with him to never-never land."

By now Beatty is used to having others theorize about him, though press accounts still test his not inconsiderable sense of humor. "I have never talked about my personal relationships—with women, my sister, my parents—because these are important people to me. I don't want to hurt them by discussing them in public. As for my love life, I can't control what others say about it: it is what it is. I know that movie actors are overrewarded in our society, and that the

press has to cut people like me down to size. So they come up with all sorts of wild things. They make me into an insane eccentric with an incredible fear of losing my youth, who lives in a bomb shelter, who contemplates or is going through plastic surgery, who has devastating relationships with women. It goes through cycles. First they say that women like me too much; then that women don't like me at all; then that they like me too much again. Somewhere along the way they say that I secretly like men—but then that men don't like me! I'm old. I'm young. I'm intelligent. I'm stupid. My tide goes in and out."

Beatty is not contemplating any changes in his ways. If he has any personal complaints, they are only about the drudgery of producing. "I enjoyed it the first time, on *Bonnie and Clyde*," he says, "because I wanted to see if I could play with the big boys. But, you know, they don't look that big after you've been playing with them." The prospect of running for public office also has lost some appeal for him, though he doesn't rule it out altogether. "The relationship between theater and politics fascinates me," he says. "They both communicate ideas and both involve persuasion and compromise." More than ever, though, Beatty loves acting; he looks forward to playing many more roles after John Reed and Howard Hughes. This is good news, for Beatty has evolved into an exceptional movie star. Once a moody, latter-day

James Dean, he is now the wittiest of leading men. He brings eroticism to the screen, but not at the expense of sensitivity and self-effacing charm. At his best—especially in *McCabe and Heaven Can Wait*—his acting belies his looks; he makes the audience feel protective of him.

Actually Beatty thrives on taking care of himself. He likes to be alone and sometimes dreams of the day when even his work will be solitary. "My idea of freedom and independence," he says, "is to live on top of a hill with clean air—no smog—and some good food vaguely in the area. The window is ajar, and there's a breeze that smells of geraniums or honeysuckle. And there's a room with a typewriter, where you go in for a few hours a day and tell your version of things. And you get a call from someone in a distant, dirty city who tells you that you can have more money and more time to write because people are so eager to read what you have to say. That's the fantasy of quitting. The other day I was thinking about quitting, and it was really attractive to me—for 15 or 20 minutes."

He pauses and goes on: "But then you go out to a movie theater and get this thrill when something good goes on the screen. And you want to raise your hand and say, 'Wait a minute, wait a minute. I want to make one of those!'"

—Frank Rich



Shirley and Warren in 1942
Vaudeville at home

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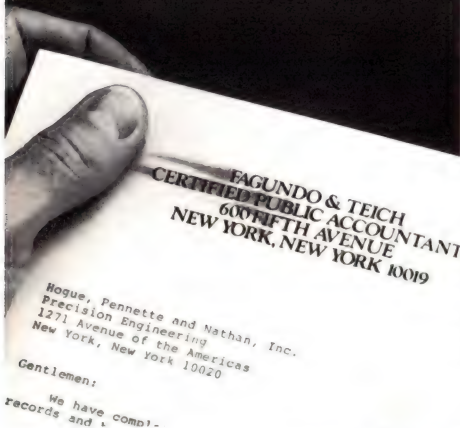
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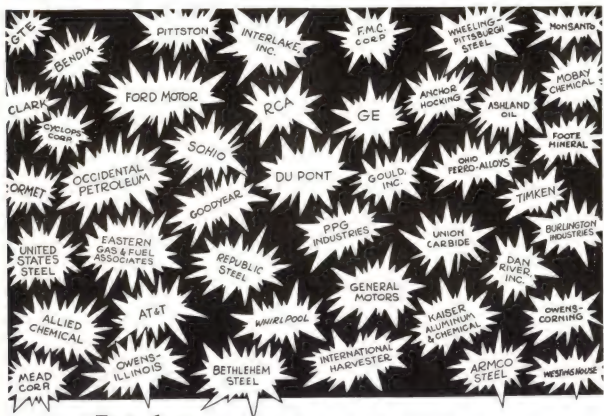
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Religion



Christine and Kenneth Levitt cutting cake after the wedding; that almost wasn't

The Missing Bridegroom

Was it kidnaping or cold feet?

At first it seemed like a sad, familiar story—in-law problems and a bride-to-be left in the lurch. Christine Cox, 24, a librarian's assistant, a maid of honor and the best man were waiting in her apartment near Boston to attend the wedding rehearsal. When the bridegroom, Kenneth Levitt, 25, failed to show, Christine phoned his parents' home and was told, "Ken just left." But hours later, with the wayward groom still missing, Christine says, Ken's parents told her that their son had gone off to consider whether he should back out of the marriage.

Fifteen days later, Levitt reappeared to tell a totally different story. He said that during all that time he had been imprisoned against his will at three different locations. His mysterious captors not only wanted to break up his marriage, he said, but to talk him out of his new-found religion. He had been the victim of a bizarre and forceful "deprogramming" technique, he claimed. Levitt was no convert to a weird new cult, however, but a Jew who had lately converted to Christianity and wanted to marry a Gentile.

As Levitt recalls it, he stopped by his parents' home in Newton, Mass., for dinner before attending the wedding rehearsal. His father was going to give him money from stock sales, and his sister wanted to borrow his guitar. No sooner had his father greeted him, he says, than three men tied a hood over his head and wrestled him into a truck. After being driven for

about an hour, he found himself prisoner in an attic. There he was kept awake for 36 hours and fed only a matzo and a piece of chicken. Day and night young Jewish activists angrily tried to get him to renounce Christianity.

Levitt says he was eventually transported to still another location, perhaps on Long Island, kept in a basement and treated to an even harsher harangue by as many as 30 people. After a week he was taken to a girls' camp in New York's Catskill Mountains. Finally, just before dawn on the 15th day, he says, he eluded sleeping guards, made his way through the woods and phoned state police.

As a result of Levitt's story, his father Albert Levitt, a government engineer, faces a preliminary hearing on a kidnaping charge July 18, and a grand jury in New York State is considering whether to indict others. The father has pleaded innocent to the charge.

Christine says that Ken's mother once demanded that she convert to Judaism and, when rebuffed, said she would do anything to stop the wedding. The father's defense lawyer, however, says the Levitts opposed the wedding not because Christine was a Gentile Evangelical but because their son was unstable. Weeks before the original wedding date, a man who said he was with the Jewish Defense League called the pastor who planned to marry the pair and warned him not to.

Ken Levitt has had lengthy psychi-

atric treatment. Family friends portray him as a disturbed young man who flunked out of one university and dropped out of another, was rejected by the draft on medical grounds, and is capable of having made up the whole kidnaping story.

While doubts and charges swirled about them, the young couple had a quickie marriage in Reno and a second ceremony in San Francisco at the headquarters of the controversial Jews for Jesus, whose Cambridge branch was responsible for Levitt's conversion. On the walls were paintings of a Menorah, a Torah scroll and Jesus bearing the Cross. Below, a banner proclaimed MAZEL TOV KEN AND CHRIS.

Sect Manual

For Army chaplains

What church claims to have 6 million U.S. clergy but only one article of faith, a belief in "that which is right and every person's right to interpret what is right"? Answer: the Universal Life Church, which was "born out of the vision of its Founder Kirby S. Hensley" in 1962. Universal Life is only one of 37 groups catalogued in a fascinating new manual entitled *Religious Requirements and Practices*. Its earnest notes on Hensley's "church" neglect to mention that it is the notorious ordination-by-mail mill that for the past decade has conferred a doctor of divinity degree upon virtually anyone who asks and can pay \$20.

Both the solemnity of style and the curious lacunae are explained by the fact that the manual is published by the U.S. Army, which this month is dispatching copies to its 1,433 chaplains. Many sects were included because military commanders and chaplains had already asked headquarters for guidance about them.

Why the book? Army chaplains might some day need to confirm that, yes, Sikhs must never shave, that WACs who are strict Muslims must wear ankle-length garments or that Seventh-day Adventists may indeed require a vegetarian diet at the mess hall. The Department of the Army takes pride in its ecumenical new publication and notes that college teachers are requesting copies.

Well they might. *R.R.P.* is a remarkable index of new-age creeds. In the Church of Satan, worship equipment includes candles, a bell, a chalice, elixir, a sword, a gong, parchment and "a model phallus." (Not that Army chaplains are likely to have to supply them, since ritual secrecy is also part of Satanism.) There is also the Native American Church, an Indian group that has won court approval to get high on peyote during weekly or monthly rituals that run all night. The Army does not state whether the peyote rites must end in time for reveille.

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Books

Singer's Song of the Polish Past

SHOSHA by Isaac Bashevis Singer

Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 277 pages; \$8.95

Isaac Bashevis Singer's constant readers know well what his books promise: the sense of returning home to a place and a time that few now living ever inhabited. Over the breadth and span of nearly 30 volumes, writing originally in Yiddish, Singer has resuscitated the Poland that existed before World War I and then, precariously, between the wars. He has peopled his land with the folk he knew when he was growing up among them, creating in the process a nation of characters. Their names have changed from book to book and story to story, but they have remained fixed in their variety: rabbis and sinners, intellectuals and simpletons, rationalists and mystics, world savers and fatalists. Singer's art has transformed them all into uncommon clay.

Shosha, Singer's eighth novel, is thus a variation on a theme that the author has played many times before, and not a whit less enjoyable for that. Among his

many accomplishments, Singer is a master at showing how familiarity can breed contentment. Here again is Warsaw when hailing a cab meant finding a horse-drawn droshky; here are the smells and sounds of Krochmalna Street, the intrigue and gossip at the Writers' Club, the dark, snowy vistas on the Vistula.

Aaron Greidinger, the hero and narrator, recapitulates the careers of other Singer characters and, in many small details, that of Singer himself. Growing up in Warsaw in the early years of this century, Aaron slowly disentangles himself from the strictures and teachings of his rabbi father and becomes attracted to secular philosophy and literature. As a young man he lives penuriously on what he can get by writing for the Yiddish-language newspapers. His other support is the warmth offered by a succession of women. Chief among these is Betty Slonim, an American actress with an old, wealthy impresario boyfriend and an itch to star on the Yiddish stage. With Hitler's in-

vasion of Poland imminent, Betty represents Aaron's ticket to freedom, to America and to the riches that will be hers when her sponsor dies.

Instead, Aaron marries Shosha, a stunted, retarded girl he had known as a child. He knows exactly what this move means: "I was rejecting a woman of passion, of talent, with the capability of taking me to wealthy America, and condemning myself to poverty and death from a Nazi bullet." Why? It is the most frequent question in Singer's fiction and the one least frequently answered. Aaron offers tentative explanations to himself and others: loyalty to the past that Shosha shared with him, a mystic identification with her simplicity, even the conviction that Shosha is the one woman in the world who would never betray him. His act remains greater than the sum of its reasons.

Critics sometimes complain about how many of Singer's characters behave irrationally and about how many of his plots hinge on the machinations of dybbuks or the fist of fate. Such readers forget the most important ingredient in the ancient art of storytelling that Singer practices: wonder, awe at a world that can contain such deeds and such doers. Aaron echoes his creator when he complains about the cold passion for explanations

Excerpt

“ At No. 10 the balcony of what had been our apartment was hung with wash. It had once seemed so high to me, but now I could almost reach it with my fingers. I glanced into the stores. Where were Eli the grocer and his wife, Zelede? Just as Eli was tall, quick, agile, sharp, and argumentative, Zelede was small, slow-moving, dull, and good-natured. Zelede had to be told twice what it was a customer wanted. For her to put out her hand, take a piece of paper, slice off a chunk of cheese and weigh it could take a quarter of an hour. If you asked her the cost, she began to mull it over and scratch under her wig with a hairpin. If the customer bought on credit and Zelede marked down the amount, she couldn't make out later what she had written. When the war came and German marks . . . came into use, she grew completely bewildered. Eli abused her in front of the customers and called her “Cow.” She became sick during the war and they didn't manage to get her to a hospital. She lay down in bed and went off to sleep like a chick. Eli cried, wailed and beat his head against the wall. Three months later, he married a plump wench who was just as slow and tranquil as Zelede. ”



Singer discourses on rabbis and sinners, rationalists and mystics in his Manhattan apartment. "Writers were not born to change the world. We cannot even make it worse."

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Books

"Who says that everything nature or human nature does can be expressed in motives and words? I had been aware for a long time that literature could only describe facts or let the characters invent excuses for their acts. All motivations in fiction are either obvious or false."

Shosha is crammed with such absolute opinions, but to enjoy the book a reader does not have to agree with them. Singer is the least didactic of writers. His attention is always on making his characters do and say diverting things. Dr. Morris Feitelzohn, Aaron's mentor and friend, has only a small role in events, but his erudite, sardonic comments add enormously to the novel's texture: "I love the Jews even though I cannot stand them. No evolution could have created them. For me they are the only proof of God's existence."

Singer's dialogue is a reminder that once conversation meant more than banter on a TV talk show, that ideas were once as tangible and as nourishing as potatoes. That time is ended, and the people Singer celebrates were wiped out or dispersed. Yet they live. Several times Aaron toys with the notion that time is a book in which the dead exist on pages simply not legible to the living. Singer's books reverse this concept: they are time, lovingly preserved and animated by laughter and wisdom.

—Paul Gray

A volume of Isaac Bashevis Singer's memoirs was published in March. A play, *Tehele and Her Demon*, co-authored by Singer and based on one of his short stories, has just premiered at Minneapolis Guthrie theater. Now comes the novel *Shosha*. Few writers half Singer's 73 years are so prolific, and fewer still could write anything at all in the amiable chaos that surrounds him. "I get up in the morning," he says uncomplainingly, "and try to write between telephone calls."

That is the way he wants it. Despite worldwide fame (his books have been translated into nearly 60 languages), Singer remains a uniquely accessible celebrity. The phone rings constantly. Friends, fans and total strangers turn up at the roomy West Side Manhattan apartment that he shares with Alma, his wife for 38 years. They find a slightly stooped, nearly bald host with fine, parchment-like skin and strikingly pale blue eyes. He looks frail until he talks or moves, scuttling between sofa, telephone and front door with the vitality of a chipmunk.

Those who come to ask questions are surprised to find themselves being interviewed instead. "I take from everything," he says of his writing, "like a little bird building a nest." Thus visitors often bring him gifts—a fact, a mannerism, a speech habit—that later appear in his fiction. Says Singer: "Many writers believe that they can make experiments by word combinations. The real experiments are the combinations made in nature. We should look inside this laboratory. I never fear

that there will not be enough material. I get more than I can use."

Singer's method failed him only once, after he arrived in the U.S. in 1935. "I experienced six or seven years of literary impotence," he says. "For one thing, my Yiddish readers were old and I was still young. Also, I made a great mistake. I tried to write a novel about America before I really knew my subject. Since then I have always written about people who speak Yiddish or who come from Poland." Young writers who seek his advice hear this cautionary tale—and more. "Some beginners take themselves very, very seriously," he says. "I tell them not to be so conceited. Writers were not born to change the world. We cannot even make it worse."

This insistent modesty is part of Singer's long quarrel with artistic pretentiousness. "A writer is not a god," he insists. "He is someone with the talent to write a story that will entertain. It is not for us to explain life. Fiction can entertain and stir the mind; it does not direct it. If a preacher like Tolstoy could not help his people, we are not going to be helped by a lot of little preachers." Singer is reluctant, outside the area of his work, to suggest behavior to others. A vegetarian for the past 16 years, he refuses to proselytize. Asked if he took up the diet because of his health, he says, "I did it because of the health of the chickens."

Despite earnings of about \$100,000 a year, Singer lives much the way he did when Alma clerked at Lord & Taylor to supplement their income. He points proudly to the typewriter outfitted with Yiddish characters that he has used for 43 years. He is also concerned that the flow of Singer works will make his readers grow tired of him. "I'd like to build up a little bank of literature," he says, "but not publish anything for a while. Keep quiet at least two years." His readers will certainly have some things to say about this.

Oddball

EVEN THE BROWNS

by William B. Mead

Contemporary Books; 255 pages; \$8.95

During World War II, the U.S. Government felt that any man healthy enough to run bases was fit enough to fight. The nation drafted or enlisted the best men from both major leagues, then told the teams to play ball. They complied by fielding a collection of players as unsuited for baseball as they were for battle. The old Washington Senators used Bert Shepard, who had one leg; the St. Louis Browns started a one-armed outfielder named Pete Gray. The Cincinnati Reds signed a pitcher who didn't have to worry about being drafted; Joe Nuxhall was only 15.

Old fans and young statisticians can



One-armed Outfielder Pete Gray

The winds of war blew one team some good.

recall what happened in the years between Pearl Harbor and V-J day. William Mead's vision is less personal and more anecdotal. In this delightful, rambling history, the St. Louis-raised journalist sees wartime baseball in its unique social context. To mask the ludicrous on-field play, he notes, major league baseball adopted a stern patriotic image. Players took part of their pay in war bonds, teams staged charity games and donated equipment to the Army. Privately, baseball officials tried to protect their pocketbooks and get their stars deferred from the draft.

The efforts were futile. Some players signed up on their own. Hank Greenberg was discharged from the Army on Dec. 5, 1941; two days later, Pearl Harbor was attacked and he re-enlisted. "We are in trouble and there is one only thing for me to do," announced the Detroit Tigers outfielder, Red Sox slugger Ted Williams, who hit 406 in 1941, became a Marine pilot after the 1942 season. The DiMaggio brothers, Joe and Dom, enlisted.

The military services fielded exhibition teams composed of some of the best players in both leagues. On the home front there was a scramble. Top teams like Boston, the Chicago White Sox and the Giants found themselves far off the pace soon after the 1943 season got under way. The Boston Red Sox foundered in seventh place. Other clubs struggled along with squads of men too young or old or ill to be drafted.

But the winds of war did blow one team some good. The St. Louis Browns had long been regarded as baseball's version of the Polish joke; in 1944 they had gone 42 years without a pennant. As the

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Air travel in 1978, the 75th year of powered flight, will set all-time records. U.S. airlines in domestic and international service are carrying more than 700,000 passengers a day—that's two million a month more than last year.

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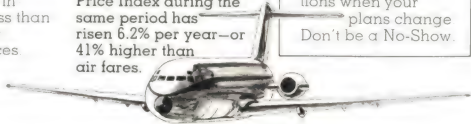


In the past 10 years, despite soaring costs, particularly fuel, the average air fare on U.S. carriers has gone up only 4.4% a year. By contrast, the Consumer Price Index during the same period has risen 6.2% per year—or 41% higher than air fares.

This year, more than 85 million airline passengers—about one out of every three—will get more for their dollars through widespread discount fares. That's taking air out of the inflation balloon.

Some air travel tips:

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 - Cancel reservations when your plans change.
- Don't be a No-Show.



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Books

draft began to erase differences between the teams, the oddball Brownies prospered. In the outfield were Mike Kreevich, a man with a penchant for hitting into double plays, and Milt ("Skippy") Byrnes, a 4-F with a bronchial condition. One of their catchers, Frank Mancuso, was a former lieutenant who had injured his back during parachute training; he could neither remain in the Army nor look skyward for a pop-up. For pitchers they had Denny Galehouse, who had kept his deferment by working during the week in a war plant, and a brawling drunkard named Sigmund ("Jack") Jakucki.

The team, whose squad led the majors in 4-Fs with 18, never faltered. Going into the final day of the season, the Browns were still last in the league in attendance, but tied with the Yankees for first place. By the end of the day, they had clinched the flag with a winning percentage of .578, a new low in American League history.

The Browns lost the 1944 series to the Cardinals. They also lost their momentum. Nothing, including the midget and clown introduced after the war by Bill Veeck, could lure the fans. Sold to a Baltimore brewer who brought them to his own city and renamed them the Orioles, the Browns played their last season in St. Louis in 1953. As they had for most of their careers, the team played to almost empty stands. But at least they kept tradition alive. The 1953 St. Louis Browns finished last.

—Peter Stoler

Attachments

FAMILIES by Jane Howard
Simon & Schuster; 282 pages; \$9.95

"When we concentrate on a material object, whatever its situation," said Vladimir Nabokov, "the very act of attention may lead to our involuntarily sinking into the history of that object. Novices must learn to skim over matter if they want matter to stay at the exact level of the moment. Transparent things, through which the past shines!"

The trick is how to walk on water without, as V.N. warned, "descending upright among starnig fish." Great novelists are born with the knack. Good journalists must master it. Jane Howard is a good journalist. In fact, she is one of the best of those soft-stepping Austenian observers who seem to glide easily over a situation or a subject without leaving a distorting wake. "My way," she writes, "is to use my intuition as a compass, go where I feel welcome, stay as long as I can manage to, meet whoever is around, help them do what they are doing if they will let me, and try to remember that she who asks least learns most."

People obviously open up to Howard, sometimes at their peril. Count the bodies garroted with their own jargon in her previous book *Pluxie Touch: A Guided*

Tour of the Human Potential Movement (1970). Her new work is a tour of the most human of all movements, the family. She visits dozens of them around the country: a matriarchal black clan in Indiana, a tribe of patriarchal Greeks in Massachusetts, a conglomerate of patricians in Manhattan. There are Jewish families dispersed in the South and Midwest, farm families plowed over by vast interstate highway systems, single-parent families, and homes where both parents are homosexual. There are also extranuclear families—communes, and open households—whose relationships and attitudes often seem like exotic and short-lived particles created in cyclotrons. A band in Texas "went up in a blaze of sexual hyperactivity and reclamation after about a year." A group organized around devotion to carrot-bulgur-lecithin surprise cake unglued when Frito crumbs were dis-

temate vitality to the facts of other lives. For the record, the author is a Chicagoan, daughter of a journalist father and a mother who seems to have seen herself as "a kind of Madame de Staël of the farther reaches of the Near North Side." The family has Midwestern agricultural roots with an American genealogy that goes back to 17th century Virginia.

Howard can get downright misty about the traditions and places of old families: "We walked among the tombstones, marked at the feet as well as at the heads, while horses named Sundance and Apple and Spirit cantered and neighed on the hillside above us, and locusts droned around us."

On the means and ways of old money, she is observant to the point of not blinking: "There's a hotpad between each plate and the placemat beneath it; a



Jane Howard, author of *Families*, with some of her young cousins in New York City

A strong figure around whom others cluster, and an atmosphere of continual busyness.

covered in their beds. At an ashram, Howard is overdone on the word "share" and honored by a guru who breathes up her nose. At a farm community she is told of a vegetarianism so strict that members wear no leather or down-filled clothing. Neither will they eat honey because it is "too heavy on the bees."

Beneath all this yinnying and yanging Howard strikes bedrock: "Our capacity and need to be part of one family or another—perhaps of several—is one of the things that makes us human, like walking upright and killing for sport and bearing tools." The author herself is 43, single and childless—but not necessarily without children around her. "I am awash in that celebrated and mixed American blessing, mobility... My nature, it would seem, is to be peripheral," she tells us. Her own ties of blood and water, her relatives, and friends who can be called at 4 a.m., run through the book like underground streams, surfacing to give an in-

blanket cover separates the quilt and the bedspread. Such people modulate their voices and favor sixty-watt lightbulbs, margarine, reasonably priced toilet paper, public transportation as opposed to taxis, and order. They never leave the oarlocks in the gunwales." Her ear is finely tuned to the poor. "It's kind of a family tradition for us to get pregnant in our senior year of high school," says one Northern woman. A clannish Southerner notes that "my daddy died with just enough left for a tank of gas."

Regardless of circumstances, good families appear to share similar characteristics. Howard's list includes a strong figure around whom others cluster, an archivist who keeps scrapbooks and photo albums up-to-date, an atmosphere of continual busyness, an ability to deal directly with trouble, and a sense of affection, ritual and place. Such qualities are also useful in the making of good books like *Families*.

—R.Z. Sheppard

Medicine

Blowup in the Arteries

Tiny balloon unclogs heart blood vessels

Stricken with the suffocating, spasmodic chest pains of severe angina, Robert, a 47-year-old chauffeur, recently entered Manhattan's Lenox Hill Hospital. Tests showed that his left main coronary artery was clogged with cholesterol-laden plaque. That made him a likely candidate for a coronary bypass, an operation in which segments of leg vein are sewn onto the arteries to shunt blood around blocked areas. But with Robert's approval, Lenox Hill doctors decided to forgo surgery and try a new and highly experimental alternative: a procedure with the tongue-twisting name of "percutaneous transluminal coronary angioplasty."

After Robert had been mildly sedated and his leg anesthetized, cardiologist Simon Stertzer inserted a narrow, hollow Teflon tube called a guiding catheter into an artery in the leg (although an arm artery can be used instead). Working the catheter up through the blood vessels, he reached the opening of the obstructed heart artery. Then Stertzer inserted a narrower and more flexible hollow catheter, with a tiny deflated balloon near its tip, through the Teflon tube and into the heart artery itself. Guided by X rays that determined precisely where the artery was blocked, he positioned the balloon exactly in the middle of the arterial narrowing and inflated it for several seconds. That compressed the obstructing plaque against the arterial wall, widening the diameter to near normal size. Then, deflating the balloon, the doctor withdrew both catheters. The entire procedure took less than an hour and was apparently successful; a new set of X rays showed that the artery, free of obstruction, once more carried blood freely. Two days later, his angina gone, Robert



Stertzer displaying the new catheter
Perhaps a revolution in cardiology.

left the hospital and returned to work.

Robert is one of only three dozen carefully selected cardiac patients in the world to have been treated with the new technique since it was introduced in Switzerland by Dr. Andreas Grüntzig less than a year ago. The procedure grew out of a similar technique that has been used with some success to clear clogged leg arteries. Of the ten so-called balloon dilations attempted on heart patients at Lenox Hill since March, seven have been successful in clearing soft, non-calcified plaque obstructions and relieving angina. (In three cases, doctors were unable to work the catheters through the arteries to the point of blockage.) The promising findings lead Chief of Medicine Michael Bruno to estimate that the procedure could be used in place of bypass operations in perhaps 10% to 15% of patients—and at about one-

tenth the \$15,000 average cost of a bypass.

For other patients, a variation of the new technique may make bypass surgery feasible. Explains Cardiac Surgeon Eugene Wallsh: "When you have too many obstructions in an artery, you can't bypass each one. But with the balloon catheter, you can open up some blocks and then bypass others." Wallsh has done just that in six patients. Adds Stertzer: "It might also be possible to reopen bypass grafts that have closed down."

Despite their enthusiasm, Lenox Hill physicians caution that the technique is experimental. With Grüntzig and a team of San Francisco researchers led by Dr. Richard Myler, they are working to refine the equipment and determine which patients could benefit from the procedure. Equally important, the doctors are trying to assess the long-range effects. For example, do the arteries close down again, and when? Where does the plaque eventually go? Stertzer speculates about a possible "self-healing" mechanism. Indeed, when the arteries of a few patients were re-examined a month or so after balloon dilatation, doctors could not see where the original narrowings had been. The same phenomenon has been noticed in some of the hundreds of patients who have undergone plaque compression in leg arteries. In 70% of 300 cases studied, the arteries are still open two to three years later.

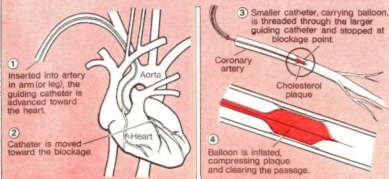
Before they know if a similar percentage holds true for heart arteries, doctors will have to use the balloon dilatation technique on hundreds of cardiac patients. Then, says Stertzer, "if 80% of the arteries are open after a year, we're into a revolution in cardiology."

Seeing Stars

Ovulation brings better vision

Women enjoy significant improvement in their night vision on one day each month—during the time of ovulation. That remarkable fact has been reported by researchers at the University of Florida Health Center. After noting that the vision of test animals was influenced by the injection of female sex hormones, the Florida group tested the vision of seven women with normal eyesight and regular menstrual cycles. In every case, the researchers found that the peripheral part of the retina, used only in the dark, became two to three times more sensitive to light at the time of ovulation than on other days. The enhanced night vision would let women see faint stars or other dim light ordinarily undetectable in the dark. No such changes were seen in several men given identical tests. The researchers speculate that the women's sensitized vision results from increased blood levels of vitamin A, estradiol and other hormones that peak around the time of ovulation.

HOW IT IS DONE



Theater

Brain Crash

WINGS by Arthur Kopit

A serious illness is a prison from which there are only two exits: recovery or death. Arthur Kopit's new play *Wings* is a message smuggled out from that terrifying Gulag inhabited by a stroke victim. At the beginning of this excellent production now visiting Manhattan's Public Theater from the Yale Repertory Theater, an elderly woman sits reading in an easy chair, a clock ticking at her side. Suddenly the clock stops, the lamp goes out, and there are loud noises. Mrs. Stilson (Constance Cummings) has had a stroke.

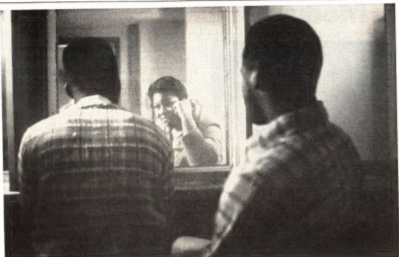
When she finds herself in the hospital, she cannot understand what happened; and, though she tells her thoughts to the audience, the doctors cannot understand her. At first she thinks they are deliberately refusing to listen. Then Mrs. Stilson, who was once a stunt pilot, realizes the truth: her wings have failed her. "As near as I can figure," she says, "I was in my brain and crashed." Slowly, like a child, she learns the words for everyday things and slowly recovers until, at the end, she suffers another stroke and escapes for good.

As Kopit has written it, *Wings* is more a poetic vision than a full-scale play, and Mrs. Stilson tells her story in one act of an hour and 40 minutes. It is a peculiarly compelling vision, however, and Cummings, 68, making one of her too rare American appearances, gives a brilliant performance in what is almost a one-woman show. She gives each gesture the perfect size and commands every nuance; John Madden has directed with proper asstringency. *Wings* is in every sense a high flyer.

—Gerald Clarke



Constance Cummings in *Wings*
Report from a terrifying Gulag.



In scene from ABC documentary, a New Jersey mother pays a visit to two sons in prison

Television

No Limits

YOUTH TERROR: THE VIEW FROM
BEHIND THE GUN
ABC, June 28

This documentary on teen-age crime, a segment in the "ABC News Close-up" series, may be the most disturbing and dramatic news program ever seen on American commercial television. It is certainly the most explicit. The network recommends "parental discretion" in the opening credits, and as the show unfolds, that cliché takes on new meaning. There is graphic violence, to be sure: bloodied heads; a lone youth being attacked by three others, one of them swinging a baseball bat; an unflinching look at a junkie mainlining. And the street toughs and ghetto dwellers who provide the sole narration converse in four- and twelve-letter words that many movie theaters, not to mention TV sets, have never amplified. To view and hear all this is not easy, but it should not be missed; parental discretion is a poor reason for dissuading people from seeing what a lack of parental discretion has helped to create.

Filmed entire in the slums of New York City and Newark, the project took some nine months and posed hazards for Producer-Director Helen Whitney, whose voice can be frequently heard questioning the show's young subjects. Her purse was stolen during one interview, and she was slammed against the hood of a car during a street altercation. The menace is often palpable. When Whitney asks a group of young men where they draw the line at violence, one replies heatedly: "Ain't no limit. If I gotta kill you to get what I want, I'll kill you."

Such pathology cannot be explained through quick-cut *cinéma vérité*. The program's power rests not in analysis but in immediacy. The footage seems to have been shot in the fly-on-the-wall manner of Film Maker Frederick Wiseman, but the editing is both jumpier and crisper than in Wiseman's works. In one sequence, the camera pans up an ice-cream-stained stairwell inside a Newark tenement, enters an apartment squalid beyond words and comes to rest on an infant cooing over its bottle. No one states the obvious: that child will never have a chance. The faces of parents appear, studies in anger and bewilderment. Visibly, they are passing on pain to children doomed to repeat the same cycle.

Equally shocking are the voices of the hoodlums. They seem at first to be speaking another language, evenly recounting acts of aggression and mayhem that might give even hardened criminals pause. Asked why an ice pick was his preferred weapon in a previous assault, a thin, pale, seemingly fragile boy chuckles and answers, "Internal bleeding." The more they talk, the less monstrous they become: "I wouldn't mind goin' to school if I knew how to read... My dreams scare me... I want somebody to know I been here... I can't do nothing. I can't function..."

Everyone connected with this enterprise deserves praise: the "News Close-up" staff for making it, the network for accepting it, and, though some have balked, the affiliated stations for carrying it. Nothing has been done to prettify this study of the effects of poverty, racism and some ineradicable germ of human ignorance. Near the end, one youth gestures emphatically at the ground: "I've been around here for 21 years. This is hell. Believe me." Seeing this stunning program is believing.

—Paul Gray

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